POEMS OF PLACES

EDITED BY
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

RUSSIA

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Poems of Places.

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HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY,
BOSTON AND NEW YORK.

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HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

It is the Soul that sees; the outward eyes
Present the object, but the Mind descries.
CRABBE.

RUSSIA

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge

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By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

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INTRODUCTORY.

AMERICA TO RUSSIA.

THOUGH watery deserts hold apart
The worlds of East and West,
Still beats the selfsame human heart
In each proud nation's breast.

Our floating turret tempts the main,
And dares the howling blast
To clasp more close the golden chain
That long has bound them fast.

In vain the gales of ocean sweep,
In vain the billows roar
That chafe the wild and stormy steep
Of storied Elsinore.

She comes! she comes! her banners dip
In Neva's flashing tide,
With greetings on her cannon's lip,
The storm-god's iron bride!

Peace garlands with the olive-bough
Her thunder-bearing tower,
And plants before her cleaving prow
The sea-foam's milk-white flower.

No prairies heaped their garnered store
To fill her sunless hold,
Not rich Nevada's gleaming ore
Its hidden caves infold;

But lightly as the sea-bird swings
She floats the depths above,
A breath of flame to lend her wings,
Her freight a people's love!

When darkness hid the starry skies
In war's long winter night,
One ray still cheered our straining eyes,
The far-off Northern light!

And now the friendly rays return
From lights that glow afar,
Those clustered lamps of Heaven that burn
Around the Western Star.

A nation's love in tears and smiles
We bear across the sea,
O Neva of the banded isles,
We moor our hearts in thee!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE COSSACK.

FROM the Danube was I riding,
When she crossed my path to-day;
Straight my spur the war-horse chiding,
"Speed," I cried, "away!"

"Ah!" she said, "your steed detaining,
Stay and hear your love's complaining,
See how tears my cheeks are staining;
Dear Cossack, O stay!"

"Well thou knowest when last we parted,
Liskà, what distress was mine;
Almost was I broken-hearted,
Now the turn is thine!"

"Dear Cossack, forbear to grieve me,
Must I lose thee, canst thou leave me?
Grief will sure of life bereave me,
If I thee resign!"

"Break not thus your hands with wringing;
Hush the sob, and dry the tear!
Soon from battle laurels bringing,
Love, expect me here."

"Laurels bought with blood alarm me,
Glory cannot tempt nor charm me,

Ah, there 's naught on earth could harm me,
Wert thou safe, my dear!"

Vain were prayers, and vain was sorrow,
Swiftly from her sight I flew,
Crying, "If I live to-morrow,
I'll return to you."

Then with folded arms and sighing,
Home she hastened, almost dying,
How to find her way for crying,
Scarce, poor girl, she knew.

From the Ukranian. Tr. Anon.

COSSACK SONG.

YOU must fly, ye winds of Tartary!
If ye hope to catch our band;
For they skim o'er the tall rank grasses,
And tramp on the wastes of sand,
Swifter than winds or waters,
With their long spears in their hand!

Ride on! ride on, brave Cossacks!
For never a foe will stand;
Ye shall break and scatter their craven ranks,
As your mad steeds scatter the sand:
The devil himself would run from you,
With your long spears in your hand!

Anonymous.

COSSACK'S WINTER-SONG.

BY the Don my mother she bore me
Mid mountains of ice and snow;
Yet with cold I never was frozen,
For my breast is always aglow.
So, my good steed bestriding,
Through the lands I come riding,
So far from the gates of Moscow
That where I am I don't know.

I sate upon my threshold,
And none so happy as I;
I caught fresh fish for my table
From the stream that went rushing by;
I shot at the weasel,
The fox and the sable,
And made of the skin a garment,
When winter, grim winter, drew nigh.

There came from Alexander
A call to me one night:
"Up, Cossacks, shoulder to shoulder!
There 's other game in sight!
Fierce beasts and devouring
Our purlieus are scouring,
A blood-spotted panther among them;
Up, up to the chase, to the fight!"

My steed, he pricked his ears up,
For the call I gave was not low;

He came; without spur or saddle,
I mounted mid ice and snow;
His bare back bestriding,
Through the lands I come riding,
So far from the gates of Moscow
That where I am I don't know.

And now I have driven the foemen,
All that live, from my Emperor's lands;
And they that remained in the country
Are all now in very good hands.
We found ourselves hurried —
In the snow they lie buried —
In the spring, when the snow-drifts are melted,
We 'll bury them under the sands.

Now tell me, thou German, I pray thee,
How much longer and farther I ride,
Till I come to the end of my journey,
To the land where the foemen abide?
What day and what hour
Through France shall I scour,
And strangle the brood of the Serpent
In the pestilent hole where they hide?

A terrible comrade comes riding
Along with me; well do ye know
His might, — ye have felt his keen arrows,
Ice-pointed and feathered with snow.
His name, — it is Winter;
Your lances he 'll splinter;

He rides on a cloudy-white charger,
  And follows wherever I go.

He rides like the whirlwind behind you,
  With an icy-cold pike in his hand,
And in front he comes, scattering, to blind you,
  The snow in your faces like sand;
    The rivers he bridges
    With icy-backed ridges,
That he and I may find you,
  Ye Frenchmen, at home in your land!

I have not yet forgotten
  The lesson ye bade me learn, —
The home of peace and comfort
  Into fire and smoke to turn.
    Barns, houses, have ye, too,
    'T were well ye should see to,
For I, when I will, have torches
  Your homes and your garners to burn.

And if I take vengeance, who blames me?
  But Alexander says right:
"You and the cold are no strangers,
  Nor need ye the firebrand's light.
    The snow-pillow fleecy
    Your slumber makes easy;
Your tent is the awning of heaven,
  The stars are your candles by night.

"Wild stories of northern barbarians
  They tell in this southerly land,

Who bring with them nothing but murder
And plunder and blackness and brand.
Now, then, Cossacks, go ye,
To silence them, show ye
What you from the north bring with you,
From Him whom no might can withstand!"

Friedrich Rückert. Tr. C. T. Brooks.

THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA.

HUMANITY, delighting to behold
A fond reflection of her own decay,
Hath painted Winter like a traveller old,
Propped on a staff, and, through the sullen day,
In hooded mantle, limping o'er the plain,
As though his weakness were disturbed by pain;
Or, if a juster fancy should allow
An undisputed symbol of command,
The chosen sceptre is a withered bough,
Infirmly grasped within a palsied hand.
These emblems suit the helpless and forlorn;
But mighty Winter the device shall scorn.

For he it was, — dread Winter! who beset,
Flinging round van and rear his ghastly net,
That host, when from the regions of the Pole
They shrunk, insane ambition's barren goal, —
That host, as huge and strong as e'er defied
Their God, and placed their trust in human pride!
As fathers persecute rebellious sons,

He smote the blossoms of their warrior youth;
He called on Frost's inexorable tooth,
Life to consume in manhood's firmest hold;
Nor spared the reverend blood that feebly runs;
For why, — unless for liberty enrolled
And sacred home, — ah! why should hoary age be bold?

Fleet the Tartar's reinless steed,
But fleeter far the pinions of the Wind,
Which from Siberian caves the Monarch freed,
And sent him forth, with squadrons of his kind,
And bade the Snow their ample backs bestride,
And to the battle ride.
No pitying voice commands a halt,
No courage can repel the dire assault;
Distracted, spiritless, benumbed, and blind,
Whole legions sink, and in one instant find
Burial and death: look for them, and descry,
When morn returns, beneath the clear blue sky,
A soundless waste, a trackless vacancy!

William Wordsworth.

THE SONG OF THE COSSACK.

MY courser, come, the Cossack's noble friend!
Hark! 't is the signal of the trumpet's breath:
Thine aid to tyrants and to slaughter lend,
And haste with me to add new wings to death.
I have no gold to deck thy bridle-rein:
But thou wilt neigh with pride, my courser fleet,

When I for thee old Europe's wealth will gain,
When kings and peoples crouch beneath my feet.

Fair Peace before thy withering steps shall fall;
Come, fill my greedy hands with treasures free:
Europe has lost her Polish ramparts tall;
Within the Louvre I will stable thee.
Where thou in foam and gore hast bathed thy side,
Now thou wilt neigh with pride, my courser fleet:
When thou shalt drink the Seine's rebellious tide,
While kings and people crouch beneath thy feet.

As in a fortress, princes, nobles, peers,
Besieged by suffering subjects all around;
Mid northern wilds their cry the Cossack hears:
"Come, be our master, we to thee are bound;
As serfs forever be thy savage hordes,
But crush our people, let us reign their lords."
Then neigh with pride, my courser fleet,
As kings and people crouch beneath thy feet.

I saw the shadow of the mighty Hun
Fix on our tents an eye of scorching light;
Once more he cried, I see my reign begun,
To lands by freedom named, with vineyards bright.
His spirit calls and leads us to the west;
Then neigh with pride, my courser fleet,
For now on France Attila's scourge shall rest,
Her kings and people lie beneath thy feet.

All the refinement Europe proudly boasts,
The immortal records of the mighty dead,

The light of other lands, behold the Cossack host
Trample beneath their savage warriors' tread.
When thus shall fall fair freedom's cause,
Then thou wilt neigh with pride, my courser fleet,
When temples, altars, glory, learning, laws,
When all that men hold sacred lies beneath thy feet.

Pierre Jean de Béranger. Tr. Anon.

THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA.

MAGNIFICENCE of ruin! what has time
In all it ever gazed upon of war,
Of the wild rage of storm, or deadly clime,
Seen, with that battle's vengeance to compare?
How glorious shone the invader's pomp afar!
Like pampered lions from the spoil they came;
The land before them silence and despair,
The land behind them massacre and flame;
Blood will have tenfold blood. What are they now?
A name.

Homeward by hundred thousands, column-deep,
Broad square, loose squadron, rolling like the flood,
When mighty torrents from their channels leap,
Rushed through the land the haughty multitude,
Billow on endless billow; on through wood,
O'er rugged hill, down sunless, marshy vale,
The death-devoted moved, to clangor rude
Of drum and horn, and dissonant clash of mail,
Glancing disastrous light before that sunbeam pale.

Again they reached thee, Borodino! still
Upon the loaded soil the carnage lay,
The human harvest, now stark, stiff, and chill,
Friend, foe, stretched thick together, clay to clay;
In vain the startled legions burst away;
The land was all one naked sepulchre;
The shrinking eye still glanced on grim decay,
Still did the hoof and wheel their passage tear,
Through cloven helms and arms, and corpses mouldering drear.

The field was as they left it; fosse and fort
Steaming with slaughter still, but desolate;
The cannon flung dismantled by its port;
Each knew the mound, the black ravine whose strait
Was won and lost, and thronged with dead, till fate
Had fixed upon the victor,— half undone.
There was the hill, from which their eyes elate
Had seen the burst of Moscow's golden zone;
But death was at their heels; they shuddered and rushed on.

The hour of vengeance strikes. Hark to the gale!
As it bursts hollow through the rolling clouds,
That from the north in sullen grandeur sail
Like floating Alps. Advancing darkness broods
Upon the wild horizon, and the woods,
Now sinking into brambles, echo shrill,
As the gust sweeps them, and those upper floods
Shoot on their leafless boughs the sleet-drops chill,
That on the hurrying crowds in freezing showers distil.

They reach the wilderness! The majesty
Of solitude is spread before their gaze,
Stern nakedness, — dark earth and wrathful sky.
If ruins were there, they long had ceased to blaze;
If blood was shed, the ground no more betrays,
Even by a skeleton, the crime of man;
Behind them rolls the deep and drenching haze,
Wrapping their rear in night; before their van
The struggling daylight shows the unmeasured desert wan.

Still on they sweep, as if their hurrying march
Could bear them from the rushing of His wheel
Whose chariot is the whirlwind. Heaven's clear arch
At once is covered with a livid veil;
In mixed and fighting heaps the deep clouds reel;
Upon the dense horizon hangs the sun,
In sanguine light, an orb of burning steel;
The snows wheel down through twilight, thick and dun;
Now tremble, men of blood, the judgment has begun!

The trumpet of the northern winds has blown,
And it is answered by the dying roar
Of armies on that boundless field o'erthrown;
Now in the awful gusts the desert hoar
Is tempested, a sea without a shore,
Lifting its feathery waves. The legions fly;
Volley on volley down the hailstones pour;
Blind, famished, frozen, mad, the wanderers die,
And dying, hear the storm but wilder thunder by.

Such is the hand of Heaven! A human blow
Had crushed them in the fight, or flung the chain
Round them where Moscow's stately towers were low
And all bestilled. But Thou! thy battle-plain
Was a whole empire; that devoted train
Must war from day to day with storm and gloom
(Man following, like the wolves, to rend the slain),
Must lie from night to night as in a tomb,
Must fly, toil, bleed for home; yet never see that home.

George Croly.

THE PALACE OF OMARTES.

OMARTES, king of the wide plains which, north
Of Tanais, pasture steeds for Scythian Mars,
Forsook the simple ways
And nomad tents of his unconquered fathers;

And in the fashion of the neighboring Medes,
Built a great city girt with moat and wall,
And in the midst thereof
A regal palace dwarfing piles in Susa,

With vast foundations rooted into earth,
And crested summits soaring into heaven,
And gates of triple brass,
Siege-proof as portals wielded by the Cyclops.

One day Omartes, in his pride of heart,
Led his high priest, Telentias, through his halls,
And chilled by frigid looks,
When counting on warm praise, asked, "What is wanting?

"Where is beheld the palace of a king,
So stored with all that doth a king beseem;
The woofs of Phrygian looms,
The gold of Colchis, and the pearls of Ormus,

"Couches of ivory sent from farthest Ind,
Sidonian crystal, and Corinthian bronze,
Egypt's vast symbol gods,
And those imagined unto men by Hellas;

"Stored not in tents that tremble to a gale,
But chambers firm-based as the Pyramids,
And breaking into spray
The surge of Time as Gades breaks the ocean?"

"Nor thou nor I the worth of these things now
Can judge; we stand too near them," said the sage.
"None till they reach the tomb
Scan with just eye the treasures of the palace.

"But for thy building, — as we speak, I feel
Through all the crannies pierce an icy wind
More bitter than the blasts
Which howled without the tents of thy rude fathers.

"Thou hast forgot to bid thy masons close
The chinks of stone against Calamity."
The sage inclined his brow,
Shivered, and, parting, round him wrapt his mantle.

Edward, Lord Lytton.

RUSSIA.

Alma, the River.

ALMA.

THOUGH till now ungraced in story, scant although thy waters be,
Alma, roll those waters proudly, proudly roll them to the sea!

Yesterday, unnamed, unhonored, but to wandering Tartar known,
Now thou art a voice forever, to the world's four corners blown.

In two nations' annals graven, thou art now a deathless name,
And a star forever shining in their firmament of fame.

Many a great and ancient river, crowned with city, tower, and shrine,
Little streamlet, knows no magic, boasts no potency, like thine;

Cannot shed the light thou sheddest around many a
living head,
Cannot lend the light thou lendest to the memories
of the dead.

Yea, nor all unsoothed their sorrow, who can, proudly
mourning, say,
When the first strong burst of anguish shall have wept
itself away: —

"He has passed from us, the loved one; but he sleeps,
with them that died
By the Alma, at the winning of that terrible hillside!"

Yes, and in the days far onward, when we all are cold
as those
Who beneath thy vines and willows on their hero-beds
repose,

Thou, on England's banners blazoned with the famous
fields of old,
Shalt, where other fields are winning, wave above the
brave and bold;

And our sons unborn shall nerve them for some great
deed to be done,
By that twentieth of September, when the Alma's
heights were won.

O thou river! dear forever to the gallant, to the free,
Alma, roll thy waters proudly, proudly roll them to
the sea.

Richard Chenevix Trench.

BY THE ALMA RIVER.

WILLIE, fold your little hands;
Let it drop, that "soldier" toy:
Look where father's picture stands, —
Father, who here kissed his boy
Not two months since, — father kind,
Who this night may — Never mind
Mother's sob, my Willie dear;
Call aloud that He may hear
Who is God of battles; say,
"O, keep father safe this day
By the Alma River."

Ask no more, child. Never heed
Either Russ or Frank or Turk,
Right of nations or of creed,
Chance-poised victory's bloody work:
Any flag i' the wind may roll
On thy heights, Sebastopol;
Willie, all to you and me
Is that spot, where'er it be,
Where he stands — no other word!
Stands — God sure the child's prayer heard —
By the Alma River.

Willie, listen to the bells
Ringing through the town to-day.
That's for victory. Ah, no knells
For the many swept away, —

Hundreds — thousands! Let us weep,
We who need not, — just to keep
Reason steady in my brain
Till the morning comes again,
Till the third dread morning tell
Who they were that fought and fell
By the Alma River.

Come, we 'll lay us down, my child,
Poor the bed is, poor and hard;
Yet thy father, far exiled,
Sleeps upon the open sward,
Dreaming of us two at home;
Or beneath the starry dome
Digs out trenches in the dark,
Where he buries — Willie, mark —
Where he buries those who died
Fighting bravely at his side
By the Alma River.

Willie, Willie, go to sleep,
God will keep us, O my boy;
He will make the dull hours creep
Faster, and send news of joy,
When I need not shrink to meet
Those dread placards in the street,
Which for weeks will ghastly stare
In some eyes — Child, say thy prayer
Once again; a different one:
Say, "O God, Thy will be done
By the Alma River."

Dinah Maria Mulock Craik.

BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

BRIGHTLY, briskly runs the Alma, cold and green
from mountain snow;
Pleasant shade along its borders oak and plane and
walnut throw,
Where the Tartar shepherd shelters with his flock from
noontide heat,
In a silence only broken by the browsing goat's faint
bleat.

From the huts beneath the hillsides Tartar women to
the brink
Shyly come to fill their pitchers, or drive down the
cows to drink.
All is calm and peace and plenty: over all — a form
of awe! —
Sleeps in light the snow-spread table of the mighty
Tschatyr-Dagh.

On the northern bank the copses flush with autumn
red and gold;
On the southern bank the margin shows a cliff-line
bare and bold.
You may cross the stream in spring-time, nor be wet
above the knee,
But when summer melts the snow-wreaths, who would
ford it stout must be.

On the twentieth of September — they had marched
from early morn —
As our armies neared the Alma they were weary men
and worn;
But the heaviest tread grew springy, strength was in
the weakest hand,
As the word "Halt! Form!" was given, for they
knew the Russ at hand.

There along the southern heights in intrenchments
lay the foe,
With his batteries in position, — sevenscore great guns,
levelled low.
There was little time to count them ere their roar the
silence woke,
And the dell has grown a hell, — all fire and sulphur-
ous smoke.

Now Zouaves and Tirailleurs! — now Rifles and Chas-
seurs!
Scatter wide, finding shelter where you can;
Fire steadily and slow, till the distant foemen know
That every Minié bullet has its man!

See! they crouch, with well-filled pouch, firm hand, and
murderous aim:
Every bush, a puff of smoke; every stone, a jet of
flame;
And behind their covering shot, at a steady, swinging
trot,
Downward pours, to the shores, the Allies' van!

Again — again — again those batteries' iron rain,
And thick, alas! our gallant fellows fall:
For the river it is deep, and the banks they are steep,
And the heights there beyond are like a wall.
But a lusty British cheer, and a thundering British charge,
And the foremost are already in the flood,
Though the great guns ever roar, down upon them from the shore,
And the water that was green turns to blood!

Through the shallows, in the deeps, o'er the bowlders, up the steeps,
British, French, and Turk, eager for the work,
Are floundering and clambering and rushing with mad leaps —
On again — on amain, — some are left, though many die, —
Your powder may be damp, but your bayonets are dry:
Let it come but to the steel, and the Muscovite shall feel
With what men he his prowess hath to try!

Hark to those ringing cheers! 'T is the bold Welsh Fusileers!
Ever foremost where there 's work to be done:
They 've won footing on the bank, — they are closing rank on rank,
Scores of dying, but of flying never one!

Now, fiery Celtic blood, to our French allies make good
The credit of the lineage that you share!

They have gained the heights' bald crown! Now they stagger, — now they 're down!
But, hark! another cheer, and the gallant Guards are near!
And with glorious tartans streaming, and Highland bagpipes screaming,
The Black-Watch to the rescue appear!

At length the crest is won! Stab the gunner at his gun!
Ere to take up new ground the batteries wheel;
On, Britons, Turks, and French, o'er redoubt and over trench,
Surge on like a wave of flashing steel! —
Lo, they waver! lo, they shake! lo, their line begins to break!
With the tramp of flying men, flying horses, earth doth quake.
You have fought a desperate fight, you have crushed a giant might,
And four hours ere the setting of the sun,
The triple flags wave high, bullet-rent, against the sky,
And the Battle of the Alma hath been won!

Anonymous.

Alupka.

ALUPKA.

CROSS but this rocky height, and lo!
A valley rare as Rasselas
Found in the Abyssinian pass,
With warmth and beauty all aglow!
Where for Tartar mosque and royal villa
Is many a shining porphyry pillar,
With marbles for altar and floor and stair
Veined with vermilion or amber fair;
And fountains fed by the rills that fall
Cool and clear from the mountain wall.
Where the olive and orange and nectarine
Ripen the seaside gardens in,
And the winds are sweet as the breeze that sighs
Over the meadows of Paradise!—
Yea, and the blessed there might crave
Alupka, pride of the cliff and wave!

Edna Dean Proctor.

Arlinkow, Finland.

DONICA.

HIGH on a rock, whose castled shade
Darkened the lake below,
In ancient strength majestic stood
The towers of Arlinkow.

The fisher in the lake below
Durst never cast his net,
Nor ever swallow in its waves
Her passing wing would wet.

The cattle from its ominous banks
In wild alarm would run,
Though parched with thirst, and faint beneath
The summer's scorching sun.

For sometimes, when no passing breeze
The long, lank sedges waved,
All white with foam, and heaving high,
Its deafening billows raved: —

And, when the tempest from its base
The rooted pine would shake,
The powerless storm unruffling swept
Across the calm dead lake.

And ever, then, when death drew near
The house of Arlinkow,
Its dark, unfathomed waters sent
Strange music from below,

The Lord of Arlinkow was old;
One only child had he:
Donica was the maiden's name,
As fair as fair might be.

A bloom as bright as opening morn
Suffused her clear, white cheek;

The music of her voice was mild;
Her full, dark eyes were meek.

Far was her beauty known; for none
So fair could Finland boast:
Her parents loved the maiden much, —
Young Eberhard loved her most.

Together did they hope to tread
The pleasant path of life;
For now the day drew near to make
Donica Eberhard's wife.

The eve was fair, and mild the air;
Along the lake they stray:
The eastern hill reflected bright
The tints of fading day;

And brightly o'er the water streamed
The liquid radiance wide:
Donica's little dog ran on,
And gambolled at her side.

Youth, health, and love bloomed on her cheek:
Her full, dark eyes express,
In many a glance, to Eberhard
Her soul's meek tenderness.

Nor sound was heard, nor passing gale
Sighed through the long, lank sedge;
The air was hushed; no little wave
Dimpled the water's edge; —

When suddenly the lake sent forth
Its music from beneath,
And slowly o'er the waters sailed
The solemn sounds of death.

As those deep sounds of death arose,
Donica's cheek grew pale,
And in the arms of Eberhard
The lifeless maiden fell.

Loudly the youth in terror shrieked,
And loud he called for aid,
And with a wild and eager look
Gazed on the lifeless maid.

But soon again did better thoughts
In Eberhard arise;
And he with trembling hope beheld
The maiden raise her eyes.

And, on his arm reclined, she moved
With feeble pace and slow,
And soon, with strength recovered, reached
The towers of Arlinkow.

Yet never to Donica's cheeks
Returned their lively hue:
Her cheeks were deathy white and wan;
Her lips, a livid blue.

Her eyes, so bright and black of yore,
Were now more black and bright,

And beamed strange lustre in her face,
So deadly wan and white.

The dog that gambolled by her side,
And loved with her to stray,
Now at his altered mistress howled,
And fled in fear away.

Yet did the faithful Eberhard
Not love the maid the less:
He gazed with sorrow, but he gazed
With deeper tenderness.

And, when he found her health unharmed,
He would not brook delay,
But pressed the not unwilling maid
To fix the bridal day.

And, when at length it came, with joy
He hailed the bridal day.
And onward to the house of God
They went their willing way.

But when they at the altar stood,
And heard the sacred rite,
The hallowed tapers dimly streamed
A pale, sulphureous light.

And when the youth, with holy warmth,
Her hand in his did hold,
Sudden he felt Donica's hand
Grow deadly damp and cold.

But loudly then he shrieked; for, lo!
A spirit met his view;
And Eberhard in the angel form
His own Donica knew.

That instant from her earthly frame
A demon howling fled,
And at the side of Eberhard
The livid corpse fell dead.

Robert Southey.

Azof.

THE STORMING OF AZOF.

THE poor soldiers have no rest,
Neither night nor day!
Late at evening the word was given
To the soldiers gay;
All night long their weapons cleaning,
Were the soldiers good,
Ready in the morning dawn,
All in ranks they stood.

Not a golden trumpet is it,
That now sounds so clear:
Nor the silver flute's tone is it,
That thou now dost hear.

'T is the great white Tzar who speaketh,
'T is our father dear.
Come, my princes, my Boyars,
Nobles, great and small!
Now consider and invent
Good advice, ye all!
How the soonest, how the quickest,
Fort Azof may fall?

The Boyars, they stood in silence.
And our father dear,
He again began to speak,
In his eye a tear:
Come, my children, good dragoons,
And my soldiers all,
Now consider and invent
Brave advice, ye all,
How the soonest, how the quickest,
Fort Azof may fall?

Like a humming swarm of bees,
So the soldiers spake,
With one voice at once they spake:
"Father, dear, great Tzar!
Fall it must! and all our lives
Thereon we gladly stake."

Set already was the moon,
Nearly past the night;
To the storming on they marched,

With the morning light;
To the fort with bulwarked towers
And walls so strong and white.

Not great rocks they were, which rolled
From the mountains steep;
From the high, high walls there rolled
Foes into the deep.
No white snow shines on the fields,
All so white and bright;
But the corpses of our foes
Shine so bright and white.
Not up-swollen by heavy rains
Left the sea its bed;
No! in rills and rivers streams
Turkish blood so red!

From the Russian. Tr. Mrs. T. A. L. Robinson.

ELEGY OF THE FLIGHT OF THE THREE BROTHERS FROM AZOFF.

DARK clouds give not forth those specks in the sky
That rise up, Azoff, o'er thy city so fair;
But brethren three, and in secret they fly
From their cruel captivity there.

The eldest they ride on their coursers fleet,
But the younger brother he has no steed,
The roots and the stones wound his Cossack feet,
And they redden the ground as they bleed.

To his horsemen brothers then thus spake he:
"Brothers, my brothers, now list what I say;
Give rest to your coursers, and wait for me,
Then to some Christian city direct your way."

And the second horseman then heard his cry,
And his heart was moved at his brother's pain;
But the first reproved him with a stern reply,
And said, "Dost thou yearn for thy bondage again?

"Shall we listen now to our brother's word,
Although the pursuers are on our track,
Fierce bent to slay us with gun and with sword,
Or to bear us with them to bondage back?"

"If ye will not stay for me, my brethren twain,
Then turn your fleet steeds to the right at least;
And bury my corse in the open plain,
Nor leave me the prey of the bird and the beast."

But the second said, "Brother, that may not we,
Such a deed has never been heard of yet;
Shall the thrust of a lance our farewell be?
And our swords in our brother's blood be wet?"

"Then brothers, since me ye refuse to slay,
When ye reach the wood do this thing for me;
Cut off the thorn-branches, and strew on the way,
And a guide to my wandering steps they 'll be."

The brothers speed fast to the forest gray,
The second wails sadly as on they ride;

And he scatters the thorn-branches all the way,
That they to his brother may serve as a guide.

They passed the thick forest, and on they went
To the open track where no thorn-bushes grow;
Then the lining red from his vest he rent,
And scattered the fragments the path to show.

When the younger brother the thorns had passed,
He saw the red fragments all scattered there;
He gathered them up and his tears fell fast,
"Ah! not without cause are these fragments here.

"Now alas! alas! for my brethren twain!
For surely no more in the world are they!
Their cruel pursuers have found them again,
And me they passed in the thorns as I lay.

"My brothers with sword and gun they have slain,
May the merciful God but show me where!
I'll dig their graves in the steppe's pure plain,
And I'll bury their Cossack bodies there."

On his first day's journey no bread he eats;
The next without water to drink he has past;
On the third the desert's fleet wind he meets,
And his weary limbs bend to the furious blast.

"O, enough have I followed these horsemen fleet,"
He said as he reached the Samar mountain high:
"'T is time to give rest to my Cossack feet,"
Then he laid him down by the mount to die.

Then swiftly, swiftly the eagles flew down,
And they fiercely stared in his dying eyes:
"Now welcome guests are ye, ye eagles brown;
O, fly to me quickly!" the Cossack cries.

"O eagles, pluck ye these eyes from my head,
When God's fair world I no longer shall see!"
The expiring Cossack, when thus he had said,
His soul to the merciful God gave he.

Then the eagles flew down, and they plucked away
His eyes from his head as he bade them do:
The small birds also came down to their prey,
And the gray wolves gathered around him too.

They tore off the flesh from his yellow bones,
They feasted high midst the thorns by the way;
And with mournful howls, and with fierce low moans,
The dirge of the Cossack was sung that day.

Whence came the brown cuckoo that sat by his head
That sat by his head and sang piteously?
As a sister bewails her brother dead,
Or a mother her son, so wailed she!

And the horsemen twain still sped on their way
To a Christian town where they hoped for rest;
But a heavy grief on their hearts now lay:
"Ah, not without cause are our hearts opprest.

"Alas! and alas! for our younger brother!
For surely no more in the world is he;

What, when we 've greeted our father and mother,
And they ask of him, shall our answer be?"

The second thus spoke; then the elder said:
"Say he served not the same lord as we;
'T was night, and he slept when from chains we fled,
We could not awake him with us to flee."

The second then answered him, "Brother, nay,
'T would ill beseem us to say such a thing;
If that which is false unto them we say,
Their prayers upon us will a dark doom bring."

The brothers on to the Samar field ride.
They stop to rest by the river Samar;
They water their steeds at the river's side,
When down came the Moslem riding from far.

The impious Mussulmans slew them there;
They quartered their bodies, and over the plain
Strewed their Cossack limbs; their heads on a spear
They raised, and long mocked o'er the brethren twain.

From the Russian. Tr. Anon.

Baidar.

BAIDAR GATE.

O BAIDAR GATE! lone Baidar Gate!
What glories by thy portals wait!—
Beyond the pines, wide-boughed and old,
Cliffs such as climb in Alpine hold;
Above, the blue Crimean sky
Where, in still noons, the eagles fly,
And poise as if 't were bliss to be
Becalmed upon that azure sea!
Below, the Euxine with its sails
Fanned by the cool Caucasian gales;
And, all between, the glen, the glade,
Where Tartar girls their tresses braid,
And slopes where silver streamlets run,
And grapes hang, purple, in the sun.

And when, within the wood-fire's glow,
Fond friends tell tales of long ago,
And each recalls some lovely scene
By mountain pass or meadow green,
If they shall turn and ask of me,
The rarest glimpse of earth and sea,
I 'll say, with memory's joy elate,
"'T is Baidar Gate! 't is Baidar Gate!"

Edna Dean Proctor.

Balaklava.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered:
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,

Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!

All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

Alfred Tennyson.

Beresina, the River.

PASSAGE OF THE BERESINA.

ON with the cohorts, — on! A darkening cloud
Of Cossack lances hovers o'er the heights;
And hark! — the Russian thunder on the rear
Thins the retreating ranks.
The haggard French,
Like summoned spectres, facing toward their foes,
And goading on the lean and dying steeds
That totter 'neath their huge artillery,
Give desperate battle. Wrapt in volumed smoke
A dense and motley mass of hurried forms
Rush toward the Beresina. Soldiers mix
Undisciplined amid the feebler throng,
While from the rough ravines the rumbling cars
That bear the sick and wounded, with the spoils,
Torn rashly from red Moscow's sea of flame,
Line the steep banks. Chilled with the endless shade
Of black pine-forests, where unslumbering winds
Make bitter music, — every heart is sick
For the warm breath of its far, native vales,

Vine-clad and beautiful. Pale, meagre hands
Stretched forth in eager misery, implore
Quick passage o'er the flood. But there it rolls,
'Neath its ice-curtain, horrible and hoarse,
A fatal barrier 'gainst its country's foes.
The combat deepens. Lo! in one broad flash
The Russian sabre gleams, and the wild hoof
Treads out despairing life.

With maniac haste
They throng the bridge, those fugitives of France,
Reckless of all, save that last, desperate chance, —
Rush, struggle, strive, the powerful thrust the weak,
And crush the dying.

Hark! a thundering crash,
A cry of horror! Down the broken bridge
Sinks, and the wretched multitude plunge deep
'Neath the devouring tide. That piercing shriek
With which they took their farewell of the sky,
Did haunt the living, as some doleful ghost
Troubleth the fever-dream. Some for a while,
With ice and death contending, sink and rise,
While some in wilder agony essay
To hold their footing on that tossing mass
Of miserable life, making their path
O'er palpitating bosoms. 'T is in vain!
The keen pang passes and the satiate flood
Shuts silent o'er its prey.

The severed host
Stand gazing on each shore. The gulf, — the dead
Forbid their union. One sad throng is warned
To Russia's dungeons, one with shivering haste

Spread o'er the wild, through toil and pain to hew
Their many roads to death. From desert plains,
From sacked and solitary villages
Gaunt Famine springs to seize them; Winter's wrath,
Unresting day or night, with blast and storm,
And one eternal magazine of frost,
Smites the astonished victims.
God of Heaven!
Warrest thou with France, that thus thine elements
Do fight against her sons? Yet on they press,
Stern, rigid, silent, — every bosom steeled
By the strong might of its own misery
Against all sympathy of kindred ties.
The brother on his fainting brother treads;
Friend tears from friend the garment and the bread, —
That last, scant morsel, which his quivering lip
Hoards in its death-pang. Round the midnight fires,
That fiercely through the startled forest blaze,
The dreaming shadows gather, madly pleased
To bask and scorch and perish, — with their limbs
Crisped like the martyr's, and their heads fast sealed
To the frost-pillow of their fearful rest.
Turn back, turn back, thou fur-clad emperor,
Thus toward the palace of the Tuileries
Flying with breathless speed. Yon meagre forms,
Yon breathing skeletons, with tattered robes,
And bare and bleeding feet, and matted locks,
Are these the high and haughty troops of France,
The buoyant conscripts, who from their blest homes
Went gayly at thy bidding? When the cry
Of weeping Love demands her cherished ones,

The nursed upon her breast, — the idol-gods
Of her deep worship, — wilt thou coldly point
The Beresina, — the drear hospital,
The frequent snow-mound on the unsheltered march,
Where the lost soldier sleeps!
O War! War! War!
Thou false baptized, who by thy vaunted name
Of glory stealest o'er the ear of man
To rive his bosom with thy thousand darts,
Disrobed of pomp and circumstance, stand forth,
And show thy written league with sin and death.
Yes, ere ambition's heart is seared and sold
And desolated, bid him mark thine end
And count thy wages.
The proud victor's plume,
The hero's trophied fame, the warrior's wreath
Of blood-dashed laurel, — what will these avail
The spirit parting from material things?
One slender leaflet from the tree of peace,
Borne, dove-like, o'er the waste and warring earth,
Is better passport at the gate of Heaven.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

Bessarabia.

BESSARABIA.

HERE the white cattle graze that feed
The Austrian Kaiser's towns,
Close-watched by dogs alert to leap
If but the herder frowns;

And here the shepherd tends his flock
  While the long days go by, —
Now couched beside them in the plain,
  Now on the khourgans high.
The plover calls across the steppe;
  The stork, with snowy breast,
Flies northward to the kindly roof
  That holds her summer nest;
But nothing stirs his drowsy blood
  Unless a lamb should stray,
Then woe to wolf or gypsy thief
  That lurks beside the way.

Edna Dean Proctor.

Black Sea (the Euxine).

OVID IN PONTUS.

HARD by the banished Euxine (a black doom!)
Haunted the poet Ovid. He was sent,
With love upon his soul, to banishment,
And sank, an amorous meteor, quenched in gloom.
Bright tears were lost when Ovid died. A man
Who loved and mourned so sweetly well might win
Melodious sorrow for his unknown sin.
All ages wept his fate: Politian
Developed his brave wrath in ten-foot verse,
And many a nameless scribbler rhymed a curse:
Only Augustus, in his timorous pride,

Exiled the poet from his beauty's side,
Sending him, fettered, to the banished sea.
But who may chain the poet's spirit free?
He thought and murmured — oh! and late and long
Bestowed the music of his soul in song;
Bequeathed to every wind that kissed that shore,
Sighs for lost Rome, which he must see no more;
Regrets, repinings (of all hope bereft),
And tears for Cæsar's daughter, loved and left!
And so it was he wept long years away
By savage waters; so did he rehearse,
Throughout the paleness of the winter's day,
The many sorrows of his love-crowned verse,
Until, in the end, he died. His grave is lost;
Somewhere it lies beyond all guess, all reach,
Though bands of wandering lovers, passion-crossed,
Have sought to find it on that desert beach.

Bryan Waller Procter.

Borodino.

BORODINO.

ONE foot in the stirrup, one hand on the mane,
One toss of white plumes on the air;
Then firm in the saddle, and loosened the rein;
And the sword-blade gleams bare!

A white face stares up from the dark frozen ground;
The prowler will shadow it soon:

The dead and the dying lie writhen around,
Cold and bright shines the moon!

There's laurels and gold for the living and proud:
But the ice-wreath of Fame for the slain;
Only Love turns away from the revelling crowd
To her own on the plain!

Anonymous.

Crimea (*Taurica Chersonesus*).

AN INSCRIPTION IN THE CRIMEA.

SHEPHERD, or huntsman, or worn mariner,
Whate'er thou art, who wouldst allay thy thirst,
Drink and be glad. This cistern of white stone,
Arched, and o'erwrought with many a sacred verse,
This iron cup chained for the general use,
And these rude seats of earth within the grove,
Were given by Fatima. Borne hence a bride,
'T was here she turned from her beloved sire,
To see his face no more. O, if thou canst
('T is not far off), visit his tomb with flowers;
And with a drop of this sweet water fill
The two small cells scooped in the marble there,
That birds may come and drink upon his grave,
Making it holy.

Samuel Rogers.

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

BENEATH your leafy gloom, ye waving boughs
Of this old, shady, consecrated grove,
As in the goddess' silent sanctuary,
With the same shuddering feeling forth I step,
As when I trod it first, nor ever here
Doth my unquiet spirit feel at home.
Long as the mighty will, to which I bow,
Hath kept me here concealed, still, as at first,
I feel myself a stranger. For the sea
Doth sever me, alas! from those I love,
And day by day upon the shore I stand,
My soul still seeking for the land of Greece.
But to my sighs the hollow-sounding waves
Bring, save their own hoarse murmurs, no reply.
Alas for him who, friendless and alone,
Remote from parents and from brethren, dwells!
From him grief snatches every coming joy
Ere it doth reach his lip. His restless thoughts
Revert forever to his father's halls,
Where first to him the radiant sun unclosed
The gates of heaven; where closer, day by day,
Brothers and sisters, leagued in pastime sweet,
Around each other twined the bonds of love.
I will not judge the counsel of the gods;
Yet, truly, woman's lot doth merit pity.
Man rules alike at home and in the field,
Nor is in foreign climes without resource;

Possession gladdens him, him conquest crowns,
And him an honorable death awaits.
How circumscribed is woman's destiny!
Obedience to a harsh, imperious lord
Her duty and her comfort; sad her fate,
Whom hostile fortune drives to lands remote:
Thus I, by noble Thoas, am detained,
Bound with a heavy, though a sacred chain.
O, with what shame, Diana, I confess
That with repugnance I perform these rites
For thee, divine protectress! unto whom
I would in freedom dedicate my life.
In thee, Diana, I have always hoped,
And still I hope in thee, who didst infold
Within the holy shelter of thine arm
The outcast daughter of the mighty king.
Daughter of Jove! hast thou from ruined Troy
Led back in triumph to his native land
The mighty man, whom thou didst sore afflict,
His daughter's life in sacrifice demanding, —
Hast thou for him, the godlike Agamemnon,
Who to thine altar led his darling child,
Preserved his wife, Electra, and his son,
His dearest treasures? — then at length restore
Thy suppliant also to her friends and home,
And save her, as thou once from death didst save,
So now, from living here, a second death.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. Tr. A. Swanwick.

THE CRIMEAN TARTARS.

AND still the Tartar loves the shores
The Euxine washes, and deplores
The glories of his race, gone by!
And often when the east-winds sigh, —
The winds that warm from Asia blow, —
He dreams 't is the murmur of hosts that go
Forth with Genghis and Timour strong;
And his dark eyes flash, and he hears the song
Of the victors sung where the tent lines glisten,
While, couched on carpets Bokhara wove
For the chiefs that over their pastures rove,
The Khan and his jewelled ladies listen.

But the wind goes by, and a roll of drums
From the fort of the conquering Russian comes;
And their ships sail over the Euxine's foam,
And their bells ring clear from tower and dome:
"It was written in Fate's decree," he cries;
"Allah requite us in Paradise!"

Edna Dean Proctor.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

HOW must the soldier's tearful heart expand,
Who from a long and obscure dream of pain, —
His foemen's frown imprinted in his brain, —
Wakes to thy healing face and dewy hand!
When this great noise has rolled from off the land,

When all those fallen Englishmen of ours
Have bloomed and faded in Crimean flowers,
Thy perfect charity unsoiled shall stand.
Some pitying student of a nobler age,
Lingering o'er this year's half-forgotten page,
Shall see its beauty smiling ever there!
Surprised to tears his beating heart he stills,
Like one who finds among Athenian hills
A temple like a lily white and fair.

Sydney Dobell.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

IF on this verse of mine
Those eyes shall ever shine,
Whereto sore-wounded men have looked for life,
Think not that for a rhyme,
Nor yet to fit the time,
I name thy name, — true victress in this strife!
But let it serve to say
That, when we kneel to pray,
Prayers rise for thee thine ear shall never know;
And that thy gallant deed,
For God, and for our need,
Is in all hearts, as deep as love can go.

'T is good that thy name springs
From two of earth's fair things, —
A stately city and a soft-voiced bird;
'T is well that in all homes,
When thy sweet story comes,
And brave eyes fill, — that pleasant sounds be heard.

O voice! in night of fear,
As night's bird, soft to hear;
O great heart! raised like city on a hill;
O watcher! worn and pale,
Good Florence Nightingale,
Thanks, loving thanks, for thy large work and will!
England is glad of thee,—
Christ, for thy charity,
Take thee to joy when hand and heart are still!

Edwin Arnold.

Dnieper, the River.

THE FATHER OF THE REGIMENT.

THICK snow-wreaths weighed upon the firs,
Snow shrouded all the plain,
Snow brooded in the dusky clouds,
Snow matted the chill rain,
Snow filled the valleys to the brim,
Snow whitened all the air;
The snowdrifts on the Dnieper road
Blinded us with their glare.

The white snow on our eagles weighed,
It capped each crimson plume;
Knee-deep it now began to rise,
Striking us all with gloom.
It clotted on our wagon wheels,
And on our knapsacks weighed,
It clung to every soldier's breast,
And every bayonet-blade.

It quenched the shells and dulled the shot
That round us faster fell,
As all our bayonets glancing moved
Down the long Russian dell
That to the Dnieper river bore.
Ney battled in our rear;
Griloff was nearly on us then,
The Cossacks gathered near.

The Russian lancers charged our guards,
Our grenadiers, and horse;
The Russian serfs, with axe and knife,
Were gathering in force,
As floods of us with carts and guns
Bore down upon the ridge
That led, by snowy swathes and slopes,
Unto the Dnieper bridge.

The sun, a dull broad spot of blood,
Smouldered through icy clouds;
The snow, in blinding heavy flakes,
Was weaving soldiers' shrouds.
Here lay a powder-wagon split,
Its wheels all black and torn,
And there a gun half buried in
The ruts its weight had worn.

Drums splashed with blood and broken swords
Were scattered everywhere;
Our shattered muskets, shakos pierced,
Lay partly buried there.

Guns foundered, chests of cartridge burst,
Lay by the dead defaced;
By hasty graves of hillocked snow
You could our path have traced.

Still one battalion firm was left,
Made up of Davoust's men,
"The Vieille Roche" we called the band,
In admiration then.
The "Father of the Regiment,"
De Maubourg, led us on,
With the old Roman's iron will,
Though hope had almost gone.

Two sons he had, who guarded him
From every Cossack spear;
One was a grenadier, whose heart
Had never known a fear;
The other boy a lusty drum
Beat by his father's side;
I often saw the father smile
To see the stripling's pride.

There came a rush of ponderous guns,
Grinding the red churned snow,
Making their way o'er dying men
Unto the bridge below.
Ney gathered close his prickly squares
To keep the Russians back,
For fast those yelling Cossacks came
Upon our bleeding track.

Maubourg was there erect and firm;
I saw him through the fire;
He stooped to kiss a dying friend,
Then seemed to rise the higher.
Great gaps the Russian cannon tore
Through our retreating ranks,
As slowly, grimly, Ney drew back
Unto the river banks.

Shot in the knee I saw Maubourg,
Borne by his sons — slow — slow;
They staggered o'er the muddy ruts
And through the clogging snow.
"Fly, leave me, children! Dear to France
Young lives are," then he said.
They both refused: a round shot came,
And struck the eldest — dead.

The boy knelt weeping by his side,
Trying in vain to lift
The old man's body, which but sank
The deeper in the drift.
"Leave me, my child!" he cried again.
"Think of your mother, — go.
We meet in heaven. I will stay,
Death is no more my foe."

The boy fell weeping on his breast,
And there had gladly died,
But I released his clutching hands,
And tore him from his side.

One kiss — no more — and then he went,
Beating his drum for us;
I did not dare to turn and see
The old man perish thus.

Again there came a rush of spears,
But we drove on the guns,
We — bronze and iron with the heat
Of the Egyptian suns.
The eagles led, — our bayonets pressed
Over the Dnieper bridge;
Ney was the last to turn and pass
Down the long gory ridge.

The boy became a marshal, sirs;
I saw him yesterday
Talking to Soult, who loves right well
To chat of siege and fray.
He often finds our barracks out
And comes to see us all,
We who escaped from Moscow's fire,
From Russian sword and ball.

Walter Thornbury.

THE DNIEPER.

WHEN the tired sun turneth sleeper,
But ere the moon hath yet awoken,
I love, O, how I love, to roam
By the grand resounding Dnieper,
Where'er its billows may have broken
Into the hoarest foam.

As on Jordan's banks the leper
Oft left of old his ghastly ailment,
So I, on thy tempestuous shore,
O thou grand resounding Dnieper,
Feel nightly as though no assailment
Of woe could wound me more!

Up those cliffs which ever steeper
Through twilight loom I often clamber,
To see thy black waves rush and roll,
O mine own, my glorious Dnieper,
And feel the sunset's gold and amber
Deep-dye my thoughts and soul!

Scale these heights, thou poor weak weeper,
Thou who, alas! art wont to diet
Upon thy bitter heart for food,
And gaze down upon the Dnieper!
The sight will change to dreamy quiet
Thy dark and troubled mood!

Come, too, thou who seekest deeper
Emotions from the scenery round thee;
And, though thy wanderings rivalled Cain's,
Thou shalt feel, anigh the Dnieper,
As though some spell-word had unbound thee
From Time's ten thousand chains!

Thou hast more than wert thou reaper
Of all the gems and golden treasure
Sown and long-buried in the deeps

Even of this vast cryptful Dnieper.
Wealth for thy soul beyond all measure
Its boiling surface keeps!

Richer joys there be — yet cheaper —
Than those which slay in palaced city.
Take all thou wilt, great world, for thine, —
Give me freedom and the Dnieper,
And Pride may wreak its wrath or pity
On other heads than mine!

From the Russian of Jaroslatez. Tr. Anon.

Don, the River.

THE RIVER DON.

FATHER of ours! famous, quiet Don!
Don Ivanovich, our nourisher!
Great praise of thee is spoken,
Great praise and words of honor,
That thou didst swiftly run in olden days,
Swiftly but all clearly didst thou run.
But now, our nourisher, all troubled dost thou flow,
Troubled unto thy depths art thou, O Don.
Then glorious, quiet Don thus made reply, —
"How otherwise than troubled can I be?
I have sent forth my falcons bright,

My falcons bright, the Don-Kazáks.
Deprived of them my steep banks crumble down,
Deprived of them my shoals are thick with sand."

From the Russian. Tr. W. R. S. Ralston.

TO THE ARMY OF THE DON.

MOSKVA is stunned with the thunder-storm's rattle:
See! for the Don has sprung over its banks,
Armed 'gainst the foe in fury and battle.
Crowd to the ranks!
Arm for the right,
Strong in the fight!

Trump of the Tzar! which to triumph calls loudly,
Spirits of Moskva! ye warriors away!
Thousand times thousand arrange themselves proudly,
Ripe for the fray,
Armed for the right,
Strong in the fight!

"Strive against God and our Russia shall no men,"
Ataman cried, while he brandished his spear;
"Scattered like ashes, they perish, — our foemen,
Where are they, — where?"
Arm for the right,
Strong in the fight!

Fame-circled monarch! like waterfalls gushing
Down from the rocks, see thy children advance

On the false foe, in their energy rushing,
Sabre and lance!
Armed for the right,
Strong in the fight!

Russians shall make them a pathway victorious;
Russians shall conquer from Neva to Rhine;
Armies shall fly at their enterprise glorious;
Triumph is thine,
Armed for the right,
Strong in the fight!

Russia! O, fear not! no foe shall assemble
Near thee; they shrink from the cross-flag adored:
Lo! at thy slings and thy sabres they tremble —
Ready thy sword!
Armed for the right,
Strong in the fight!

Yes! let thy enemy rage, let him hector;
Strong though he be, he shall fly from the field:
Is not the mother of God our protector,
Michael our shield?
Armed for the right,
Strong in the fight!

Ready! to horse! for the cannon shouts call our
Heroes to struggle for hopes so sublime!
God himself smiles on the deeds of high valour!
Children, 't is time!
Arm for the right,
Strong in the fight!

Rush on the Franks, as pyramids steady:
Say, shall they enter the heart of our land?
No! for our heroes are gathering all ready;
Firmly they stand,
Armed for the right,
Strong in the fight!

See! for our legions are wildly advancing.
Bonaparte flies from the sons of the Don;
Dull is the fame that so brightly was glancing, —
France is o'erthrown.
Arm for the right,
Strong in the fight!

Arrows like hail-stones are clattering around us;
Sabres and spear-heads shine bright in the breeze;
And the swift bullets seem whispering: they sound as
Swarming of bees:
Armed for the right,
Strong in the fight!

Three hundred thousand twice reckoned oppose them
Vainly to Russia; 't is glory to see
How a small band of Cossacks overthrows them.
Look how they flee!
Arm for the right,
Strong in the fight!

Cannons and muskets abandoned, and duty
Forgotten, for death and for terror are nigh;

Willingly yield they their knapsacks and booty,
Only to fly:
Arm for the right,
Strong in the fight!

See how the raven is crouching, affrighted,
Where the proud eagle hath built its own home;
Russia hath left them alarmed and benighted,
Russia their tomb.
Armed for the right,
Strong in the fight!

So is the generous struggle rewarded;
So do the insolent enemy bleed:
So is the palace-crowned, liberty-guarded
Capital freed.
Arm for the right,
Strong in the fight!

Thanks to the Highest One! honour and glory,—
He has conducted us,—saved is the throne!
Peace to the Tzar, and may garlands grow o'er ye,
Sons of the Don!
Armed for the right,
Strong in the fight!

From the Russian of Shatrov. *Tr. Anon.*

THE DON.

O PLACID Don! I see thee flow
With shallow, snowy-sanded stream,
While light the steppe-winds o'er thee blow,
And cranes and gray-winged herons dream, —
Safe as beside some dark lagoon, —
Along thy banks in breezeless noon.

The Cossack wanders from thy shore,
But never finds a wave so fair;
Thy summer lapse, thy winter roar,
Still greet him in remotest air;
And death is sweet if he may lie,
With cross above, thy waters by.

Edna Dean Proctor.

Dwina, the River.

THE DWINA.

STONY-BROWED Dwina, thy face is as flint!
Horsemen and wagons cross, scoring no dint;
Cossacks patrol thee, and leave thee as hard;
Camp-fires but blacken and spot thee, like pard;
For the dead, silent river lies rigid and still.

Down on thy sedgy banks picket the troops,
Scaring the night-wolves with carols and whoops;

Crackle their fagots of driftwood and hay,
And the steam of their pots fills the nostrils of day;
But the dead, silent river lies rigid and still.

Sledges pass sliding from hamlet to town:
Lovers and comrades, — and none doth he drown!
Harness-bells tinkling in musical glee,
For to none comes the sorrow that came unto me,
And the dead, silent river lies rigid and still.

I go to the Dwina; I stand on his wave,
Where Iran, my dead, has no grass on his grave,
Stronger than granite that coffins a Czar,
Solid as pavement, and polished as spar, —
Where the dead, silent river lies rigid and still.

Stronger than granite? Nay, falser than sand!
Fatal the clasp of thy slippery hand;
Cruel as vulture's the clutch of thy claws;
Who shall redeem from the merciless jaws
Of the dead, silent river, so rigid and still?

Crisp lay the new-fallen snow on thy breast;
Trembled the white moon through haze in the west;
Far in the thicket the wolf-cub was howling,
Down by the sheep-cotes the wolf-dam was prowling;
And the dead, silent river lay rigid and still.

When Iran, my lover, my husband, my lord,
Lightly and cheerily slept on the sward, —
Light with his hopes of the morrow and me,

That the reeds on the margin leaned after to see;
But the dead, silent river lay rigid and still.

O'er the fresh snowfall, the winter-long frost,
O'er the broad Dwina, the forester crost;
Snares at his girdle, and gun at his side,
Game-bag weighed heavy with gifts for his bride:
And the dead, silent river lay rigid and still.

Rigid and silent, and crouching for prey,
Crouching for him who went singing his way.
Oxen were stabled, and sheep were in fold;
But Iran was struggling in torrents ice-cold,
'Neath the dead, silent river, so rigid and still.

Home he came never. We searched by the ford
Small was the fissure that swallowed my lord;
Glassy ice-sheetings had frozen above, —
A crystalline cover to seal up my love
In the dead, silent river, so rigid and still.

Still by the Dwina my home-torches burn;
Faithful I watch for my bridegroom's return
When the moon sparkles on hoar-frost and tree
I see my love crossing the Dwina to me
O'er the dead, silent river, so rigid and still.

Always approaching, he never arrives,
Howls the northeast wind, the dusty snow drives.
Snapping like touchwood I hear the ice crack,
And my lover is drowned in the water-hole black,
'Neath the dead, silent river, so rigid and still.

Countess Orloff. Tr. Mrs. D. Ogilvie.

Esthonia.

ESTHONIAN BRIDAL SONG.

DECK thyself, maiden,
With the hood of thy mother;
Put on the ribands
Which thy mother once wore:
On thy head the band of duty,
On thy forehead the band of care.
Sit in the seat of thy mother,
And walk in thy mother's footsteps.
And weep not, weep not, maiden:
If thou weepest in thy bridal attire,
Thou wilt weep all thy life.

From the German. *Tr. W. Taylor.*

Finland.

THE CONQUEST OF FINLAND.

ACROSS the frozen marshes
The winds of autumn blow,
And the fen-lands of the Wetter
Are white with early snow.

But where the low, gray headlands
Look o'er the Baltic brine,

A bark is sailing in the track
Of England's battle-line.

No wares hath she to barter
For Bothnia's fish and grain;
She saileth not for pleasure,
She saileth not for gain.

But still by isle or mainland
She drops her anchor down,
Where'er the British cannon
Rained fire on tower and town.

Outspake the ancient Amtman,
At the gate of Helsingfors:
"Why comes this ship a-spying
In the track of England's wars?"

"God bless her," said the coast-guard,
"God bless the ship, I say,
The holy angels trim the sails
That speed her on her way!

"Where'er she drops her anchor,
The peasant's heart is glad;
Where'er she spreads her parting sail,
The peasant's heart is sad.

"Each wasted town and hamlet
She visits to restore;
To roof the shattered cabin,
And feed the starving poor.

"The sunken boats of fishers,
The foraged beeves and grain,
The spoil of flake and storehouse,
The good ship brings again.

"And so to Finland's sorrow
The sweet amend is made,
As if the healing hand of Christ
Upon her wounds were laid!"

Then said the gray old Amtman:
"The will of God be done!
The battle lost by England's hate
By England's love is won!

"We braved the iron tempest
That thundered on our shore;
But when did kindness fail to find
The key to Finland's door?

"No more from Aland's ramparts
Shall warning signal come,
Nor startled Sweaborg hear again
The roll of midnight drum.

"Beside our fierce Black Eagle
The Dove of Peace shall rest;
And in the mouths of cannon
The sea-bird make her nest.

"For Finland, looking seaward,
No coming foe shall scan;

And the holy bells of Abo
Shall ring 'Good-will to man!'

"Then row thy boat, O fisher!
In peace on lake and bay;
And thou, young maiden, dance again
Around the poles of May!

"Sit down, old men, together,
Old wives, in quiet spin;
Henceforth the Anglo-Saxon
Is the brother of the Finn!"

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Jashdow, the Castle.

THE INVASION OF THE TARTARS.

PLUNDERING are the Tartars,
Plundering Jashdow castle.

All the people fled,
Only a lad they met.

"Where 's thy lord, my lad?
Where and in what tower
Is thy lady's bower?"

"I must not betray him,
Lest my lord should slay me."

"Not his anger fear,
Thou shalt stay not here,
Thou shalt go with us."

"My lord's and lady's bower
Is in the highest tower."

Once the Tartars shot,
And they hit them not.

Twice the Tartars shot,
And they killed the lord.

Thrice the Tartars shot, —
They are breaking in the tower,
The lady is in their power.

Away, away it goes,
Over the green meadows,
Black, black the walls arose!

"O lady, O, turn back,
To thy walls so sad and black.

"O walls, ye dreary walls!
So sad and black are you,
Because your lord they slew!

"Because your lord is slain,
Your lady is dragged away
Into captivity!
A slave for life to be,
Far, far in Tartary!"

From the Polish. Tr. Mrs. T. A. L. Robinson.

Kazan.

KAZAN.

KAZAN looks down from the Volga wall,
Bright in the darkest weather;
And the Christian chime and the Moslem call
Sound from her towers together.

Shrine of the Golden Horde was she;
Boast of the proud Bokhara;
And her fame was wafted over the sea,
And sung in the far Sahara.

Woe to her faith and her turbaned lord!
The Cross and the Russ were stronger;
Her splendors now are the Czar's reward,
And her Khans are kings no longer!

Yet still she looks from the Volga wall,
Bright in the darkest weather;
And the Christian chime and the Moslem call
Sound from her towers together.

Edna Dean Proctor.

THE SIEGE OF KAZAN.

TARTAR SONG, FROM THE PROSE VERSION OF CHODZKO.

BLACK are the moors before Kazan,
And their stagnant waters smell of blood:
I said in my heart, with horse and man,
I will swim across this shallow flood.

Under the feet of Argamack,
Like new moons were the shoes he bare,
Silken trappings hung on his back,
In a talisman on his neck, a prayer.

My warriors, thought I, are following me;
But when I looked behind, alas!
Not one of all the band could I see,
All had sunk in the black morass!

Where are our shallow fords? and where
The power of Kazan with its fourfold gates?
From the prison windows our maidens fair
Talk of us still through the iron grates.

We cannot hear them; for horse and man
Lie buried deep in the dark abyss!
Ah! the black day hath come down on Kazan!
Ah! was ever a grief like this?

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Kherson.

GRAVE OF HOWARD.

HOWARD! it matters not that far away
From Albion's peaceful shore thy bones decay:
Him it might please, by whose sustaining hand
Thy steps were led through many a distant land,
Thy long and last abode should there be found,
Where many a savage nation prowls around:
That Virtue from the hallowed spot might rise,
And, pointing to the finished sacrifice,
Teach to the roving Tartar's savage clan
Lessons of love, and higher aims of man.
The hoary chieftain, who thy tale shall hear,
Pale on thy grave shall drop his faltering spear;
The cold, unpitying Cossack thirst no more
To bathe his burning falchion deep in gore;
Relentless to the cry of carnage speed,
Or urge o'er gasping heaps his panting steed!
Nor vain the thought that fairer hence may rise
New views of life and wider charities.
Far from the bleak Riphean mountains hoar,
From the cold Don, and Wolga's wandering shore,
From many a shady forest's lengthening tract,
From many a dark-descending cataract,
Succeeding tribes shall come, and o'er the place,
Where sleeps the general friend of human race,
Instruct their children what a debt they owe;

Speak of the man who trode the paths of woe;
Then bid them to their native woods depart,
With new-born virtue stirring in their heart.
When o'er the sounding Euxine's stormy tides
In hostile pomp the Turk's proud navy rides,
Bent on the frontiers of the Imperial Czar,
To pour the tempest of vindictive war;
If onward to those shores they haply steer,
Where, Howard, thy cold dust reposes near,
Whilst o'er the wave the silken pennants stream,
And seen far off the golden crescents gleam,
Amid the pomp of war, the swelling breast
Shall feel a still unwonted awe impressed,
And the relenting Pagan turn aside
To think, — on yonder shore the Christian died.

William Lisle Bowles.

Kiev (Kieff).

KIEFF.

O KIEFF! where religion ever seemeth
To light existence in our native land;
Where o'er Petcherskoi's dome the bright cross gleameth
Like some fair star that still in heaven doth stand.
Where, like a golden sheet, around thee streameth
Thy plain and meads that far away expand;
And by thy hoary wall, with ceaseless motion,
Old Dnieper's foaming swell sweeps on to ocean.

How oft to thee in spirit have I panted,
O holy city! country of my heart!
How oft in vision have I gazed enchanted
On thy fair towers — a sainted thing thou art! —
By Lavra's walls or Dnieper's wave, nor wanted
A spell to draw me from this life apart;
In thee, my country, I behold victorious,
Holy and beautiful, and great and glorious.

The moon her soft ray on Petcherskoi poureth,
Its domes are shining on the river's wave;
The soul the spirit of the past adoreth,
Where sleeps beneath thee many a holy grave.
Vladimir's shade above thee calmly soareth,
Thy towers speak of the sainted and the brave;
Afar I gaze, and all in dreamy splendor
Breathes of the past, — a spell sublime and tender.

There fought the warriors on the field of glory,
Strong in the faith against their country's foe;
And many a royal flower yon palace hoary
In virgin loveliness hath seen to blow.
And Baijan sang to them the noble story,
And secret rapture in their breast did glow.
Hark! midnight sounds — that brazen voice is dying —
A day to meet the vanished days is flying.

Where are the valiant? the resistless lances, —
The brands that were as lightning when they waved?
Where are the beautiful, whose sunny glances
Our fathers with such potency enslaved?

Where is the bard whose song no more enhances?
Ah! that deep bell hath answered what I craved.
And thou alone, by these gray walls, O river!
Murmurest, Dnieper, still, and flow'st for ever.

Joan Kozb'ff. Tr. Anon.

Kilia (Kilianova).

DUMA OR ELEGY TO THE HETMAN JOHN SWIERGOWSKI.

WHEN the Hetman John Swiergowski
To the Turks became a prey;
There they slew the gallant chieftain,
They cut off his head that day.
Their trumpets they blew, and his head on a spear
They set, and they mocked him with jest and with jeer.

Yonder see a cloud descending,
Ravens gathering on the plain,
Gloom above Ukrania spreading;
She mourns and weeps her hetman slain;
Then fierce o'er the wide plain the mighty winds blew,
"O, answer, what did ye with our hetman do?"

Then black eagles soared past, screaming,
"Where did you make our hetman's grave?"
And larks rose up to heaven streaming,
"Where did ye leave our hetman brave?"

"Where by Kilia's fair city the tomb stands high,
On the Turkish line doth your hetman lie."

From the Russian. Tr. Anon.

Lapland.

LAPLAND.

NOT such the sons of Lapland: wisely they
Despise the insensate, barbarous trade of war;
They ask no more than simple Nature gives;
They love their mountains, and enjoy their storms;
No false desires, no pride-created wants,
Disturb the peaceful current of their time;
And through the restless, ever-tortured maze
Of pleasure or ambition, bid it rage.
Their reindeer form their riches. These their tents,
Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
Supply, their wholesome fare and cheerful cups.
Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe
Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift
O'er hill and dale, heaped into one expanse
Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep
With a blue crust of ice unbounded glazed.
By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake
A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens,
And vivid moons, and stars that keener play

With doubled lustre from the glossy waste,
E'en in the depth of polar night, they find
A wondrous day: enough to light the chase,
Or guide their daring steps to Finland fairs.
Wished spring returns; and from the hazy south,
While dim Aurora slowly moves before,
The welcome sun, just verging up at first
By small degrees extends the swelling curve!

James Thomson.

LAPLAND.

AS ere from Lieule-Oaive's vapory head
The Laplander beholds the far-off sun
Dart his slant beam on unobeying snows,
While yet the stern and solitary night
Brooks no alternate sway, the Boreal Morn
With mimic lustre substitutes its gleam,
Guiding his course or by Niemi Lake
Or Balda Zhiok, or the mossy stone
Of Solfar-kapper, while the snowy blast
Drifts arrowy by, or eddies round his sledge,
Making the poor babe at its mother's back
Scream in its scanty cradle; he the while
Wins gentle solace as with upward eye
He marks the streamy banners of the north,
Thinking himself those happy spirits shall join
Who there in floating robes of rosy light
Dance sportively.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

Moscow.

THE MARCH TO MOSCOW.

THE Emperor Nap he would set off
On a summer excursion to Moscow:
The fields were green, and the sky was blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

Four hundred thousand men and more
Must go with him to Moscow;
There were marshals by the dozen,
And dukes by the score;
Princes a few, and kings one or two.
While the fields are so green, and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

There was Junot and Augereau,
Heigh-ho for Moscow!
Dombrowsky and Poniatowsky,
Marshal Ney, lack-a-day!
General Rapp, and the Emperor Nap;
Nothing would do,
While the fields were so green, and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
Nothing would do
For the whole of this crew,
But they must be marching to Moscow.

The Emperor Nap he talked so big
That he frightened Mr. Roscoe.
"John Bull," he cries, "if you 'll be wise,
Ask the Emperor Nap if he will please
To grant you peace, upon your knees,
Because he is going to Moscow!
He 'll make all the Poles come out of their holes,
And beat the Russians, and eat the Prussians;
For the fields are green, and the sky is blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
And he 'll certainly march to Moscow!"

And Counsellor Brougham was all in a fume
At the thought of the march to Moscow;
"The Russians," he said, "they were undone,
And the great Fee-Faw-Fum
Would presently come,
With a hop, step, and jump, unto London:
For, as for his conquering Russia,
However some persons might scoff it,
Do it he could, and do it he would,
And from doing it nothing would come but good;
And nothing could call him off it."
Mr. Jeffrey said so, who must certainly know;
For he was the Edinburgh Prophet.
They all of them knew Mr. Jeffrey's "Review,"
Which with Holy Writ ought to be reckoned:
was, through thick and thin, to its party true;
Its back was buff, and its sides were blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
It served them for Law and for Gospel too.

But the Russians stoutly they turned to
Upon the road to Moscow.
Nap had to fight his way all through;
They could fight, though they could not parlez-vous,
But the fields were green, and the sky was blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
And so he got to Moscow.

He found the place too warm for him,
For they set fire to Moscow.
To get there had cost him much ado;
And then no better course he knew,
While the fields were green, and the sky was blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
But to march back again from Moscow.

The Russians they stuck close to him
All on the road from Moscow.
There was Tormazow and Jemalow,
And all the others that end in "ow";
Milarodovitch and Jaladovitch
And Karatschkowitch,
And all the others that end in "itch";
Schamscheff, Souchosaneff,
And Schepaleff,
And all the others that end in "eff";
Wasiltschikoff, Kostomaroff,
And Tchoglokoff,
And all the others that end in "off";
Rajeffsky and Novereffsky.
And Rieffsky.
And all the others that end in "effsky";

Oscharoffsky and Rostoffsky,
And all the others that end in "offsky."
And Platoff he played them off,
And Shouvaloff he shovelled them off,
And Markoff he marked them off,
And Krosnoff he crossed them off,
And Tuchkoff he touched them off,
And Boroskoff he bored them off,
And Kutousoff he cut them off,
And Parenzoff he pared them off,
And Worronzoff he worried them off,
And Doctoroff he doctored them off,
And Rodionoff he flogged them off.

And last of all an Admiral came,
A terrible man with a terrible name, —
A name which you all know by sight very well;
But which no one can speak, and no one can spell.
They stuck close to Nap with all their might;
They were on the left and on the right,
Behind and before, and by day and by night;
He would rather parlez-vous than fight:
But he looked white, and he looked blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
When parlez-vous no more would do,
For they remembered Moscow.

And then came on the frost and snow,
All on the road from Moscow.
The wind and the weather he found, in that hour,
Cared nothing for him, nor for all his power;

For him who, while Europe crouched under his rod,
Put his trust in his fortune, and not in his God.
Worse and worse every day the elements grew,
The fields were so white, and the sky so blue,
Sacrebleu! Ventrebleu!
What a horrible journey from Moscow!

What then thought the Emperor Nap
Upon the road from Moscow?
Why, I ween he thought it small delight
To fight all day, and to freeze all night;
And he was besides in a very great fright,
For a whole skin he liked to be in;
And so, not knowing what else to do,
When the fields were so white, and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
He stole away — I tell you true —
Upon the road from Moscow.
"'Tis myself," quoth he, "I must mind most;
So the Devil may take the hindmost."

Too cold upon the road was he,
Too hot had he been at Moscow;
But colder and hotter he may be,
For the grave is colder than Muscovy;
And a place there is to be kept in view,
Where the fire is red, and the brimstone blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
Which he must go to,
If the Pope say true,
If he does not in time look about him;

Where his namesake almost
He may have for his Host;
He has reckoned too long without him.
If that Host get him in Purgatory,
He won't leave him there alone with his glory;
But there he must stay for a very long day,
For from thence there is no stealing away,
As there was on the road from Moscow.

Robert Southey.

MOSCOW.

HOW thy church domes swell yonder, amply rounded!
How sun-gleams o'er each golden palace hover!
The eye, delighted, can no rest discover;
On every side midst varied pomps confounded, —
Sudden, o'er all, by flame the sight is bounded, —
With their own hands thy citizens do cover
All their own roofs with blazing firebrands over;
A crackling ring of fires hath thee surrounded!
Let none but fools condemn, this ruin knowing:
Churches, be crushed! ye palaces, melt glowing!
The Russian Phœnix life i' th' flames is throwing!
Yet, with bright glories from his fire-crown taken,
In the free youth's proud glance shall he awaken;
And conquering St. George his lance hath shaken!

Theodor Karl Körner. Tr. W. B. Chorley.

TO MOSCOW.

ACROSS the steppe we journeyed,
The brown, fir-darkened plain
That rolls to east and rolls to west,
Broad as the billowy main,
When lo! a sudden splendor
Came shimmering through the air,
As if the clouds should melt and leave
The heights of heaven bare, —
A maze of rainbow domes and spires
Full glorious on the sky,
With wafted chimes from many a tower
As the south-wind went by,
And a thousand crosses lightly hung
That shone like morning stars, —
'T was the Kremlin wall! 't was Moscow, —
The jewel of the Czars!

Edna Dean Proctor.

SUNSET IN MOSCOW.

O THE splendor of the city,
When the sun is in the west!
Ruddy gold on spire and belfry,
Gold on Moskwa's placid breast;
Till the twilight soft and sombre
Falls on wall and street and square,
And the domes and towers in shadow
Stand like silent monks at prayer.

'T is the hour for dream and legend:
Meet me by the Sacred Gate!
We will watch the crowd go by us;
We will stories old relate;
Till the bugle of the barracks
Calls the soldier to repose,
And from off the steppe to northward
Chill the wind of midnight blows.

Edna Dean Proctor.

THE SHRINES OF MOSCOW.

ABOVE each gate a blessed saint
Asks favor of the skies,
And the hosts of the foe do fail and faint
At the gleam of their watchful eyes;
And Pole and Tartar and haughty Gaul
Flee, dismayed, from the Kremlin wall.

Here lie our ancient czars, asleep, —
Ivan and Feodor, —
While loving angels round them keep
Sweet peace forevermore!
Only when Easter bells ring loud,
They sign the cross beneath the shroud.

O, Troitsa's altar is divine, —
St. Sergius! hear our prayers!
And Kiëff, Olga's lofty shrine,
The name of "The Holy" bears;
But Moscow blends all rays in one, —
They are the stars, and she the sun!

Edna Dean Proctor.

MOSCOW BELLS.

THAT distant chime! As soft it swells,
What memories o'er me steal!
Again I hear the Moscow bells
Across the moorland peal!
The bells that rock the Kremlin tower
Like a strong wind, to and fro,—
Silver sweet in its topmost bower,
And the thunder's boom below.

They say that oft at Easter dawn
When all the world is fair,
God's angels out of heaven are drawn
To list the music there.
And while the rose-clouds with the breeze
Drift onward,—like a dream,
High in the ether's pearly seas
Their radiant faces gleam.

O, when some Merlin with his spells
A new delight would bring,
Say: I will hear the Moscow bells
Across the moorland ring!
The bells that rock the Kremlin tower
Like a strong wind, to and fro,—
Silver sweet in its topmost bower,
And the thunder's boom below!

Edna Dean Proctor.

MOSCOW.

THE spires of Moscow glittering from afar
In the pale lustre of yon silver star,
Her steel-clad bastions, and embattled walls,
Her domes, her fanes, and gold-bespangled halls,
No more the minstrel's midnight music hear,
No vocal strains her silent gardens cheer: —
Save where yon holy quire, in pure array,
Through the gray portal treads its lonely way:
They with soft notes, that sigh upon the gale,
Wake the sad echoes of the sleeping vale;
Breathing, fair city, in a dirge to thee,
Their sweetest, calmest, holiest melody;
And cast, as o'er the mountain's brow they wind,
A mournful glance, a long last look behind.
'T is past forever, — see! aloft they fly,
Yon smoldering flakes upfloating to the sky —
Till the moon fades beneath the lurid stream,
Blotted from heaven, or shoots a ghastly beam.
As some fond mourner, with averted eyes,
Kindles the pile on which a parent lies,
Thy children, Moscow, rear thy funeral pyre,
Plant the red torch, and fan the pious fire.
For wilt thou, wilt thou thy destroyer greet,
Drest with the garlands of thy own defeat;
Or bid thy vaulted domes with loud acclaim
Attune their echoes to a tyrant's name;
Or see by feet unblest thy temples trod,
And blood-red eagles waved above the shrine of God?

Thou wilt not! Therefore with glad eyes I see
The golden flame, — the flame that sets thee free!
Thy fretted aisles, thy burnished columns, bow;
Rejoice, rejoice! thou art triumphant now.
There, there! from street to street with dreary roar
Their yellow tide the rampant billows pour,
And, whirled by winds that sweep tempestuous by,
Point their red spires, and sail along the sky.

Christopher Wordsworth.

Moskva, the River.

A COUNTRY CHURCH.

NEAR Moskva's stream, through heath and forest gliding,
Deep in a river-vale, by meadow green,
Embowered in beech, a lonely church is seen,
Like timid fawn in dewy thicket hiding.
Above its roof a German crosslet, shining,
Points to the pious serf his heavenward way;
Around it spreads, bestrewn with blossoms gay,
The field, where wearied hearts are safe reclining.
O'er swelling graves, the bounding rabbit plays;
All breathes of peace and gentleness around;
Light steals the maiden by; subdued each sound;
Even fainter glances there the evening blaze;
There, nestling side by side, at twilight's close
Soft coo the billing doves, and then repose.

James Gates Percival.

PRINCE EMILIUS OF HESSE-DARMSTADT.

FROM Hesse-Darmstadt every step to Moskwa's blazing banks
Was Prince Emilius found in fight before the foremost ranks;
And when upon the icy waste that host was backward cast,
On Beresina's bloody bridge his banner waved the last.

His valor shed victorious grace on all that dread retreat,
That path across the wildering snow, athwart the blinding sleet;
And every follower of his sword could all endure and dare,
Becoming warriors strong in hope or stronger in despair.

Now, day and dark, along the storm the demon Cossacks sweep,
The hungriest must not look for food, the weariest must not sleep;
No rest, but death, for horse or man, whichever first shall tire; —
They see the flames destroy, but ne'er may feel the saving fire.

Thus never closed the bitter night nor rose the savage morn,
But from that gallant company some noble part was shorn,
And, sick at heart, the Prince resolved to keep his purposed way,
With steadfast forward looks, nor count the losses of the day.

At length, beside a black-burnt hut, an island of the snow, —
Each head in frigid stupor bent toward the saddle-bow, —
They paused, and of that sturdy troop, that thousand banded men,
At one unmeditated glance he numbered only ten!

Of all that high triumphant life that left his German home,
Of all those hearts that beat beloved or looked for love to come,
This piteous remnant hardly saved his spirit overcame,
While memory raised each friendly face and called each ancient name.

Then were his words serene and firm, — "Dear brothers, it is best
That here, with perfect trust in Heaven, we give our bodies rest;
If we have borne, like faithful men, our part of toil and pain,
Where'er we wake, for Christ's good sake, we shall not sleep in vain."

Some murmured, others looked assent, they had no
heart to speak;
Dumb hands were pressed, the pallid lips approached
the callous cheek;
They laid them side by side; and death to him at
least did seem
To come attired in mazy robe of variegated dream.

Once more he floated on the breast of old familiar
Rhine,
His mother's and one other smile above him seemed to
shine;
A blessed dew of healing fell on every aching limb,
Till the stream broadened and the air thickened and
all was dim.

Nature had bent to other laws, if that tremendous
night
Passed o'er his frame exposed and worn and left no
deadly blight;
Then wonder not that when refreshed and warm he
woke at last,
There lay a boundless gulf of thought between him
and the past.

Soon raising his astonished head he found himself
alone,
Sheltered beneath a genial heap of vestments not his
own;
The light increased, the solemn truth revealing more
and more,—
His soldiers' corses self-despoiled closed up the narrow
door.

That very hour, fulfilling good, miraculous succor came,
And Prince Emilius lived to give this worthy deed to fame.
O brave fidelity in death! O strength of loving will!
These are the holy balsam-drops that woeful wars distil.

Lord Houghton.

Neva, the River.

THE NEVA.

I WALK, as in a dream,
Beside the sweeping stream,
Wrapped in the summer midnight's amber haze;
Serene the temples stand,
And sleep, on either hand,
The palace-fronts along the granite quays.

Where golden domes, remote,
Above the sea-mist float,
The river-arms, dividing, hurry forth;
And Peter's forest-spire,
A slender lance of fire,
Still sparkles back the splendor of the North.

The pillared angel soars
Above the silent shores;
Dark from his rock the horseman hangs in air:

And down the watery line
The exiled Sphinxes pine
For Karnak's morning in the mellow glare.

I hear, amid the hush,
The restless current's rush,
The Neva murmuring through his crystal zone:
A voice portentous, deep,
To charm a monarch's sleep
With dreams of power resistless as his own.

Strong from the stormy Lake,
Pure from the springs that break
In Valdaï vales the forest's mossy floor,
Greener than beryl-stone
From fir-woods vast and lone,
In one full stream the braided currents pour.

"Build up your granite piles
Around my trembling isles,"
I hear the River's scornful Genius say:
"Raise for eternal time
Your palaces sublime,
And flash your golden turrets in the day!

"But in my waters cold
A mystery I hold,—
Of empires and of dynasties the fate:
I bend my haughty will,
Unchanged, unconquered still,
And smile to note your triumph: mine can wait.

"Your fetters I allow,
As a strong man may bow
His sportive neck to meet a child's command,
And curb the conscious power
That in one awful hour
Could whelm your halls and temples where they stand.

"When infant Rurik first
His Norseland mother nursed,
My willing flood the future chieftain bore:
To Alexander's fame
I lent my ancient name,
What time my waves ran red with Pagan gore.

"Then Peter came. I laughed
To feel his little craft
Borne on my bosom round the marshy isles:
His daring dream to aid,
My chafing floods I laid,
And saw my shores transfixed with arrowy piles.

"I wait the far-off day
When other dreams shall sway
The House of Empire builded by my side, —
Dreams that already soar
From yonder palace-door,
And cast their wavering colors on my tide, —

"Dreams where white temples rise
Below the purple skies,
By waters blue, which winter never frets, —

Where trees of dusky green
From terraced gardens lean,
And shoot on high the reedy minarets.

"Shadows of mountain-peaks
Vex my unshadowed creeks;
Dark woods o'erhang my silvery birchen bowers;
And islands, bald and high,
Break my clear round of sky,
And ghostly odors blow from distant flowers.

"Then, ere the cold winds chase
These visions from my face,
I see the starry phantom of a crown,
Beside whose blazing gold
This cheating pomp is cold,
A moment hover, as the veil drops down.

"Build on! That day shall see
My streams forever free.
Swift as the wind, and silent as the snow,
The frost shall split each wall:
Your domes shall crack and fall:
My bolts of ice shall strike your barriers low!"

On palace, temple, spire,
The morn's descending fire
In thousand sparkles o'er the city fell:
Life's rising murmur drowned
The Neva where he wound
Between his isles: he keeps his secret well.

Bayard Taylor.

THE ICE PALACE.

LESS worthy of applause, though more admired,
Because a novelty, the work of man,
Imperial mistress of the fur-clad Russ,
Thy most magnificent and mighty freak,
The wonder of the North. No forest fell
When thou wouldst build; no quarry sent its stores
To enrich thy walls; but thou didst hew the floods,
And make thy marble of the glassy wave.
In such a palace Aristæus found
Cyrene, when he bore the plaintive tale
Of his lost Bees to her maternal ear:
In such a palace Poetry might place
The armory of Winter; where his troops,
The gloomy clouds, find weapons, arrowy sleet,
Skin-piercing volley, blossom-bruising hail,
And snow, that often blinds the traveller's course,
And wraps him in an unexpected tomb.
Silently as a dream the fabric rose;
No sound of hammer or of saw was there:
Ice upon ice, the well-adjusted parts
Were soon conjoined, nor other cement asked
Than water interfused to make them one.
Lamps gracefully disposed, and of all hues,
Illumined every side: a watery light
Gleamed through the clear transparency, that seemed
Another moon new risen, or meteor fallen
From heaven to earth, of lambent flame serene.

So stood the brittle prodigy; though smooth
And slippery the materials, yet frost-bound
Firm as a rock. Nor wanted aught within,
That royal residence might well befit
For grandeur or for use. Long wavy wreaths
Of flowers, that feared no enemy but warmth,
Blushed on the panels. Mirror needed none
Where all was vitreous; but, in order due,
Convivial table and commodious seat
(What seemed, at least, commodious seat) were there;
Sofa and couch and high-built throne august.
The same lubricity was found in all:
And all was moist to the warm touch; a scene
Of evanescent glory, — once a stream,
And soon to slide into a stream again.

William Cowper.

Nijni-Novgorod.

THE FAIR OF NIJNI-NOVGOROD.

NOW, by the Tower of Babel,
Was ever such a crowd?
Here Turks and Jews and Gypsies,
There Persians haughty-browed;
With silken-robed Celestials,
And Frenchmen from the Seine,
And Khivans and Bokhariotes, —
Heirs of the Oxus plain.

Here stalk Siberian hunters;
There tents a Kirghiz clan
By mournful-eyed Armenians
From wave-girt Astrakhan;
And Russ and Pole and Tartar,
And mounted Cossack proud, —
Now, by the Tower of Babel,
Was ever such a crowd?

Edna Dean Proctor.

ASIA AT NIJNI-NOVGOROD.

GIVE me a melon of Khiva,
Luscious and round and yellow, —
It 's mate for the Lord of China
Hardly so fair and mellow, —
And place on the tray beside it,
Worthy of sheikh or khan,
Peaches that grew in the gardens
Of the golden Zerefshan.

And a cup of Flowery Pekoe, —
Tea of the mandarins, —
Gathered in dewy morning,
Just when the spring begins.
Keep for the peasant and Tartar
The bowls of the dark Bohea
Plucked when the heats of summer
With rank leaves load the tree.

Ah, what ravishing flavors!
Not the wine of the Rhine,

Not of Tokay, nor the nectar
Won from the Cyprian vine,
Nor Sicily's oranges' rarest,
Nor sweetest figs of Dalmatia,
Rival the flowery Pekoe
And the spicy melons of Asia!

Edna Dean Proctor.

Novgorod.

IVAN THE CZAR.

HE sat in silence on the ground,
The old and haughty czar;
Lonely, though princes girt him round,
And leaders of the war:
He had cast his jewelled sabre,
That many a field had won,
To the earth beside his youthful dead,
His fair and first-born son.

With a robe of ermine for its bed,
Was laid that form of clay,
Where the light a stormy sunset shed,
Through the rich tent made way:
And a sad and solemn beauty
On the pallid face came down,
Which the Lord of nations mutely watched,
In the dust, with his renown.

Low tones at last of woe and fear
From his full bosom broke;
A mournful thing it was to hear
How then the proud man spoke!
The voice that through the combat
Had shouted far and high,
Came forth in strange, dull, hollow tones,
Burdened with agony.

"There is no crimson on thy cheek,
And on thy lip no breath,
I call thee, and thou dost not speak, —
They tell me this is death!
And fearful things are whispering
That I the deed have done, —
For the honor of thy father's name,
Look up, look up, my son!

"Well might I know death's hue and mien,
But on thine aspect, boy!
What, till this moment, have I seen,
Save pride and tameless joy?
Swiftest thou wert to battle,
And bravest there of all, —
How could I think a warrior's frame
Thus like a flower should fall?

"I will not bear that still, cold look, —
Rise up, thou fierce and free!
Wake as the storm wakes! I will brook
All, save this calm, from thee!

Lift brightly up, and proudly,
Once more thy kindling eyes!
Hath my word lost its power on earth?
I say to thee, arise!

"Didst thou not know I loved thee well?
Thou didst not! and art gone,
In bitterness of soul, to dwell
Where man must dwell alone.
Come back, young fiery spirit!
If but one hour, to learn
The secrets of the folded heart,
That seemed to thee so stern.

"Thou wert the first, the first fair child,
That in mine arms I pressed;
Thou wert the bright one, that hast smiled
Like summer on my breast!
I reared thee as an eagle,
To the chase thy steps I led,
I bore thee on my battle-horse,
I look upon thee, — dead!

"Lay down my warlike banners here,
Never again to wave,
And bury my red sword and spear,
Chiefs! in my first-born's grave!
And leave me! — I have conquered,
I have slain, — my work is done!
Whom have I slain? — ye answer not, —
Thou too art mute, my son!"

And thus his wild lament was poured
Through the dark resounding night,
And the battle knew no more his sword,
Nor the foaming steed his might.
He heard strange voices moaning
In every wind that sighed;
From the searching stars of heaven he shrank,—
Humbly the conqueror died.

Felicia Hemans.

A THOUSAND YEARS.

A THOUSAND years! Through storm and fire,
With varying fate, the work has grown,
Till Alexander crowns the spire,
Where Rurik laid the corner-stone.

The chieftain's sword, that could not rust,
But bright in constant battle grew,
Raised to the world a throne august,—
A nation grander than he knew.

Nor he, alone; but those who have,
Through faith or deed, an equal part:
The subtle brain of Yaroslav,
Vladimir's arm and Nikon's heart:

The later hands, that built so well
The work sublime which these began,
And up from base to pinnacle
Wrought out the Empire's mighty plan.

All these, to-day, are crowned anew,
And rule in splendor where they trod,
While Russia's children throng to view
Her holy cradle, Novgorod.

From Volga's banks; from Dwina's side;
From pine-clad Ural, dark and long;
Or where the foaming Terek's tide
Leaps down from Kasbek, bright with song:

From Altaï's chain of mountain-cones;
Mongolian deserts, far and free;
And lands that bind, through changing zones,
The Eastern and the Western sea!

To every race she gives a home,
And creeds and laws enjoy her shade,
Till, far beyond the dreams of Rome,
Her Cæsar's mandate is obeyed.

She blends the virtues they impart,
And holds, within her life combined,
The patient faith of Asia's heart, —
The force of Europe's restless mind.

She bids the nomad's wanderings cease;
She binds the wild marauder fast;
Her ploughshares turn to homes of peace
The battle-fields of ages past.

And, nobler yet, she dares to know
Her future's task, nor knows in vain;

But strikes at once the generous blow
That makes her millions men again!

So, firmer-based, her power expands,
Nor yet has seen its crowning hour, —
Still teaching to the struggling lands
That Peace the offspring is of Power.

Build, then, the storied bronze, to tell
The steps whereby this height she trod, —
The thousand years that chronicle
The toil of man, the help of God!

And may the thousand years to come —
The future ages, wise and free —
Still see her flag, and hear her drum
Across the world, from sea to sea!

Still find, a symbol stern and grand,
Her ancient eagle's wings unshorn:
One head to watch the Western land,
And one to guard the land of morn!

Bayard Taylor.

Odessa.

THE TIGER.

BENEATH Odessa's foreland,
Washed by the Russian wave,
Shattered and black an English ship
Rots in her sandy grave.

The sea-shell clogs her cannon,
The sea-worm eats her oak,
And the sea-weeds dank cling to the plank
Whence English thunders spoke.

Behind Odessa's foreland,
Under the Russian sky,
That noble vessel's noble chief
In bloody grave doth lie.
Not bravely in fair battle
Cut down upon his deck,
But driving lost on an iron coast,
And shot on a helpless wreck.

Unto Odessa's foreland
Who comes for vengeance due?
A legion bold in steel and gold, —
A fleet with seamen true!
O, shame! no sworn avengers,
But a gentle lady there,
Sitting alone by an uncarved stone
Weeping her wifely tear.

O black Odessan foreland,
Only his widow there!
O lonely, lonely sepulchre,
Only one falling tear!
Why roars no rage of cannon?
Why rings no levelled gun?
With sword and spear, not sigh and tear,
England should mourn her son.

She to that fatal foreland
  Came o'er the stormy wave;
Shall women for the one they love
  Alone be bold and brave?
How, England, will thy captains
  Die bravely in thy strife,
When Giffard's rest no mourner blest
  But a woman and a wife?

Far from Odessa's foreland
  His vessel's jack was ta'en;
O for the death its champion died,
  Win back that flag again.
Plant it with shot and sabre
  Above the Russian's best;
And the conquering shout, as the cross flaunts out,
  Shall bring him better rest.

Edwin Arnold.

ODESSA.

DREAMING and looking seaward,
  No longer the warders wait,
Guard of the Crescent banner,
  Gleaming on tower and gate, —
The banner unfurled by the Prophet,
  The banner in league with Fate.

Nor boom the guns of the Fortress,
  When sunset airs blow free,
While the warriors kneel, as the echoes
  Die over steppe and sea, —

Kneel and pray that the Moslem
Lord of the world may be.

Gone are the Turk, and the Crescent,
And the Fortress of Khodja Bey;
And lo! in their place, Odessa,
And the Russ with a grander sway, —
The Russ and the Royal Eagle,
That makes the Fate his prey!

Edna Dean Proctor.

Poland.

POLAND.

ALONE, beneath the tower whence issue forth
The mandates of the tyrant of the North,
Poland's sad Genius sits, absorbed in tears,
Her bosom heaving with a thousand fears: —
Wearied, cast down, enfeebled by distress,
The tomb alone can end her wretchedness!

Alas! the crucifix is all that 's left
To her, of freedom and her sons bereft;
And on her trailing robe the marks are seen
Where Russian armies' scornful feet have been.

Anon she hears the sounds of clanking arms, —
The foemen come once more to spread alarms!

And while she weeps against that fortress' wall,
And while fresh horrors every sense appall,
To France she slowly turns her glazing eyes,
And humbly seeks for succor ere she dies!

Victor Hugo. Tr. G. W. M. Reynolds.

THE FALL OF POLAND.

O SACRED Truth! thy triumph ceased awhile,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued oppression poured to Northern wars
Her whiskered pandoors and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet-horn;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland,—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion from her height surveyed,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—
"O Heaven!" he cried, "my bleeding country save!
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high!
And swear for her to live!—with her to die!"

He said, and on the rampart-heights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few but undismayed;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,—
Revenge or death, the watchword and reply;

Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm!
In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew:
O, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career:
Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked, as Kosciusko fell!

Thomas Campbell.

Pultowa (Poltava).

THE BATTLE OF PULTOWA.

ON Vorska's glittering waves
The morning sunbeams play;
Pultowa's walls are thronged
With eager multitudes;
Athwart the dusty vale
They strain their aching eyes,
Where to the fight moves on
The conqueror Charles, the iron-hearted Swede.

Him famine hath not tamed,—
The tamer of the brave.

Him winter hath not quelled;
When man by man his veteran troops sunk down,
Frozen to their endless sleep,
He held undaunted on.
Him pain hath not subdued;
What though he mounts not now
The fiery steed of war,
Borne on a litter to the field he goes.

Go, iron-hearted king!
Full of thy former fame;
Think how the humbled Dane
Crouched underneath thy sword;
Think how the wretched Pole
Resigned his conquered crown:
Go, iron-hearted king!
Let Narva's glory swell thy haughty breast;
The death-day of thy glory, Charles, hath dawned!
Proud Swede! the sun hath risen
That on thy shame shall set!

Now, Patkul, may thine injured spirit rest!
For over that relentless Swede
Ruin hath raised his unrelenting arm;
For ere the night descends,
His veteran host destroyed,
His laurels blasted to revive no more,
He flies before the Muscovite.

Impatiently that haughty heart must bear
Long years of hope deceived;

Long years of idleness
That sleepless soul must brook.
Now, Patkul, may thy injured spirit rest!
To him who suffers in an honest cause
No death is ignominious; not to thee,
But upon Charles, the cruel, the unjust, —
Not upon thee, on him
The ineffaceable reproach is fixed,
The infamy abides.
Now, Patkul, may thine injured spirit rest!

Robert Southey.

PULTOWA.

FAINT in his wounds and shivering in the blast,
The Swedish soldier sunk, — and groaned his last!
File after file the stormy showers benumb,
Freeze every standard-sheet, and hush the drum!
Horseman and horse confessed the bitter pang,
And arms and warriors fell with hollow clang!
Yet, ere he sunk in Nature's last repose,
Ere life's warm torrent to the fountain froze,
The dying man to Sweden turned his eye,
Thought of his home, and closed it with a sigh!
Imperial pride looked sullen on his plight,
And Charles beheld, — nor shuddered at the sight.

Thomas Campbell.

Raszyn.

THE BATTLE-FIELD OF RASZYN.

A BALMY air is up, the night is still,
The tired steeds graze upon the watery meads;
The willows bend their branches o'er the rill
That angrily breaks through the impeding weeds.

The field is silent, — but that echoes lone,
Roused by the swain from the dark cells awake;
The shifting clouds sweep o'er the steadfast moon,
Who shoots her silver arrows o'er the lake.

Sweet moon! now watching yon fair conclave o'er,
Not brightly thus thy pure and pale lamp shone,
When war's black smoke had veiled thee; and its roar
Rolled through the neighboring woods the deathful groan.

Then fled the villager his burning shed;
The shrieking babes clung to their mothers' breast,
Drums, clarions, cannon's thundering; and the dead
And tortured dying. Now, 't is all at rest.

Where the blood flowed, now gleams the falling dew;
The green grass grows, the grateful balmy hay

Is gathered in; — the laboring ox anew
Ploughs for fresh harvests on his wonted way.

But all these mounds are tombs! the wild winds pass
Mournfully, murmuring sorrow as they go;
The cicades have left the close-mown grass
To sing their songs of exile and of woe.

Sad memory! the spirits of the dead
Flit by me; shade is hurried after shade.
Here mangled corses lift their ghastly head,
There shadowy arms wave high the gleaming blade.

But what dim shade is that, where sits the bird
Of evening on the pensive alder-tree!
O'er rustling piles of armor sure I heard
Him stalk; the wind wakes his harp's harmony.

Shades of the friends I loved! how long, how long
Will ye in bloody garments haunt this spot;
Around the tombs where sleep our fathers throng
Clamoring for vengeance? Ah! we hear ye not.

Casimir Brodzinski. Tr. J. Bowring.

Saint Petersburg.

SAINT PETERSBURG.

AH! thou bright moon, Batyushka!
Not as in old times dost thou shine,
Not as in old, in former times,
For from the evening to the midnight hour,
From the midnight hour till the gray dawn,
Dost thou hide thyself behind clouds,
Dost thou cover thyself with black vapor.
So was it with us, in Holy Russia.
In Petersburg, that famous city,
In the church of Peter and Paul,
At the right side of the choir,
By the tomb of the Emperor,
By the tomb of Peter the First,
Peter the First, the Great,
A young sergeant prayed to God,
Weeping the while, as a river flows,
For the recent death of the Emperor,
The Emperor, Peter the First.
And thus amid his sobs he spake, —
"Split asunder, O damp mother Earth
On all four sides, —
Open, ye coffin planks,
Unroll, O brocade of gold, —
And do thou arise, awake, Gosudar,
Awake Batyushka, Orthodox Tsar.

Look upon thy army dear,
The well-loved, the brave.
Without thee are we all orphans,
Having become orphans, have we lost all strength."

From the Russian. Tr. W. R. S. Ralston.

SAINT PETERSBURG.

SEE! From the Finland marshes there
'T is proud St. Isaac's rears in air,
Pillar on pillar, that shining dome!
And, just beyond its glorious swell,
'T is the slender spire of the Citadel
Where great Czar Peter slumbers well
All by the Neva's flood and foam, —
That lifts its cross till the golden bars
Gleam and burn with the midnight stars!
Taller than Luxor's shafts, and grander,
Looms the pillar of Alexander
Guarding the palace that fronts the square;
And, out where the mist o'er Okhta flies,
The towers of the Nevski Cloister rise, —
Shrine of the saint who, deathless, lies
Circled with silver, and jewels rare;
And Smolnoi's wealth of spangled blue
Beams all the dusky distance through!

Edna Dean Proctor.

THE CROWN JEWELS.

EYE of a god was this blazing stone,
Beyond the snows of the Himalaya;
These dazzling stars might have lit the zone
Of the Queen of Jove or the Grace, Aglaia;
And the rubies are such as the Burman king
Sends his elephants white to bring,
With a troop of soldiers and high grandees
Greeting the finder, on bended knees.
Here 's an emerald rare as the rose of pride
Cortez gave his Castilian bride,
And lustrous-green as the Indian gem
Charlemagne wore in his diadem;
And pearls hard-won by the Ceylonese
From the silent depths of the tropic seas,
While the conjurer muttered his spells ashore
Till the diver's toils for the day were o'er;
And crystals, amber, and amethyst,
That only the Oural caves could harden,—
Bright as blossoms the sun has kissed
In the fairy plots of a palace garden.

Edna Dean Proctor.

THE FEAST OF PETER THE GREAT.

O'ER the Neva gayly dancing,
Flag and pennant flutter fair;
From the boats in line advancing
Oarsmen's chorus fill the air.

Loud and joyous guests assembling
Throng the palace of the Tzar;
And to cannon crash is trembling
All the Neva from afar.

Wherefore feasts our Tzar of wonders?
Why is Petersburg so gay?
Why those shouts and cannon thunders,
And the fleet in war array?
Is new glory dawning on ye,
Russia's eagle, Russia's sword?
Has the stern Swede fled before ye?
Has the foe for peace implored?

Is it Brandt's slight boat appearing,
On the shore that was the Swede's?
Through our young fleet proudly steering
Like a grandame she proceeds.
They, her giant brood, seem kneeling
'Fore their grandame, black and grim;
And to Science' name are pealing
Cannon crash and choral hymn?

Is 't Poltava, red and glorious,
That he feasts the herd of war?
When his empire's life victorious
Saved from Charles the Russian Tzar?
Greet they Catherine's saint those thunders,
Hath she given a prince to life?
Of our giant Tzar of wonders,
She, the raven-tressed wife?

No! a subject's crime remitting
To the guilty, guilt he sinks,
By a subject's side he 's sitting,
From a subject's cup he drinks:
And his brow he kisses smiling,
Gay of heart and bright of eye;
And he feasts a reconciling,
Like some mighty victory.

Hence those shouts of joy and wonder;
Hence is Petersburg so gay;
Hence the songs and cannon thunder,
And the fleet in war array;
Hence the guests in joy assembling;
Hence the full cup of the Tzar;
Hence with cannon crashes trembling
All the Neva from afar.

Alexander Sergevitch Pushkin. Tr. Anon.

Sevastopol.

A SONG OF THE CAMP.

"GIVE us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camp allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening under;

And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon, —
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem rich and strong,
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl! her name he dared not speak;
But as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest, —
The loving are the daring.

Bayard Taylor.

SEVASTOPOL.

OVER the Dead is a Syrian sky,
And a light wind blows from the Vale of Baidar;
But what care they as they mutely lie, —
Column and captain, steed and rider?

Tulips and poppies can never bloom
Dear to their slumber as English daisies;
Nor the nightingale's warble in bowery gloom
Atone for the skylark's rapturous mazes.

Ghostly cities and nameless graves; —
This is the sum of the battle's story!
And the wind of Baidar the brown grass waves,
And sighs above them, "Alas for Glory!"

Edna Dean Proctor.

Smolensk (Smolensko).

CEMETERY OF THE SMOLENSKO CHURCH.

THEY gather, with the summer in their hands,
The summer from their distant valleys bringing;
They gather round the church in pious bands,
With funeral array, and solemn singing.

The dead are their companions; many days
Have passed since they were laid to their last slumber;
And in the hurry of life's crowded ways
Small space has been for memory to cumber.

But now the past comes back again, and death
Asketh its mournful tribute of the living;
And memories that were garnered at the heart,
The treasures kept from busier hours are giving.

The mother kneeleth at a little tomb
And sees one sweet face shining from beneath it;
She has brought all the early flowers that bloom
In the small garden round their home to wreathe it.

Friend thinks on friend; and youth comes back again
To that one moment of awakened feeling;
And prayers, such prayers as never rise in vain,
Call down the Heaven to which they are appealing.

It is a superstitious rite and old,
Yet having with all higher things connection;
Prayers, tears, redeem a world so harsh and cold,
The future has its hope, the past its deep affection.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

Troitzka.

TROITSA MONASTERY.

O SACRED Troitsa! when the skies
Of morn are blue I lift my eyes
To see again in azure air
Thy starry domes and turrets fair,
And to hear from thy gray cathedral walls
The chanted hymn as it swells and falls.
Then with the pilgrim train I wait
And enter, glad, thy wide-flung gate,
To drink of St. Sergius' holy well,
That heals the griefs no soul may tell,
Or kneel with them at his wondrous shrine, —
His staff and his simple robe beside, —
And trace on my breast the mystic sign,
And pray for the peace of the glorified!

Then fade thy towers; the music dies;
Above me are my native skies,
Blue and clear in the August morn,
Over the pines and the rustling corn,

With a song from brook and breeze and bird
Sweet as the hymn in thy cloisters heard, —
And I know the fields are a shrine as fair,
For the Lord of the saints is here as there!

Edna Dean Proctor.

Ukraine.

MAZEPPA.

I.

'TWAS after dread Pultowa's day,
When fortune left the royal Swede
Around a slaughtered army lay,
No more to combat and to bleed.
The power and glory of the war,
Faithless as their vain votaries, men,
Had passed to the triumphant Czar,
And Moscow's walls were safe again,
Until a day more dark and drear,
And a more memorable year,
Should give to slaughter and to shame
A mightier host and haughtier name;
A greater wreck, a deeper fall,
A shock to one, — a thunderbolt to all.

II.

Such was the hazard of the die;
The wounded Charles was taught to fly
By day and night, through field and flood,

Stained with his own and subjects' blood;
For thousands fell that flight to aid:
And not a voice was heard to upbraid
Ambition in his humbled hour,
When truth had naught to dread from power.
His horse was slain, and Gieta gave
His own, — and died the Russians' slave.
This too sinks after many a league
Of well-sustained, but vain fatigue;
And in the depth of forests, darkling
The watch-fires in the distance sparkling, —
The beacons of surrounding foes, —
A king must lay his limbs at length.
Are these the laurels and repose
For which the nations strain their strength?
They laid him by a savage tree,
In out-worn nature's agony;
His wounds were stiff, his limbs were stark,
The heavy hour was chill and dark;
The fever in his blood forbade
A transient slumber's fitful aid:
And thus it was; but yet through all
King-like the monarch bore his fall,
And made, in this extreme of ill,
His pangs the vassals of his will;
All silent and subdued were they,
As once the nations round him lay.

III.

A band of chiefs! — alas! how few,
Since but the fleeting of a day

Had thinned it; but this wreck was true
And chivalrous; upon the clay
Each sate him down, all sad and mute,
Beside his monarch and his steed,
For danger levels man and brute,
And all are fellows in their need.
Among the rest, Mazeppa made
His pillow in an old oak's shade,—
Himself as rough, and scarce less old,
The Ukraine's hetman, calm and bold;
But first, outspent with this long course,
The Cossack prince rubbed down his horse,
And made for him a leafy bed,
And smoothed his fetlocks and his mane,
And slacked his girth, and stripped his rein,
And joyed to see how well he fed;
For until now he had the dread
His wearied courser might refuse
To browse beneath the midnight dews:
But he was hardy as his lord,
And little cared for bed and board;
But spirited and docile too,
Whate'er was to be done, would do;
Shaggy and swift, and strong of limb,
All Tartar-like he carried him;
Obeyed his voice, and came to call,
And knew him in the midst of all:
Though thousands were around, and night
Without a star pursued her flight,
That steed from sunset until dawn
His chief would follow like a fawn.

IV.

This done, Mazeppa spread his cloak,
And laid his lance beneath his oak,
Felt if his arms in order good
The long day's march had well withstood,
If still the powder filled the pan,
And flints unloosened kept their lock, —
His sabre's hilt and scabbard felt,
And whether they had chafed his belt, —
And next the venerable man,
From out his haversack and can,
Prepared and spread his slender stock;
And to the monarch and his men
The whole or portion offered then,
With far less of inquietude
Than courtiers at a banquet would
And Charles of this his slender share
With smiles partook a moment there,
To force of cheer a greater show,
And seem above both wounds and woe;
And then he said, "Of all our band,
Though firm of heart and strong of hand,
In skirmish, march, or forage, none
Can less have said, or more have done,
Than thee, Mazeppa! On the earth
So fit a pair had never birth,
Since Alexander's days till now,
As thy Bucephalus and thou:
All Scythia's fame to thine should yield
For pricking on o'er flood and field."

Mazeppa answered, "Ill betide
The school wherein I learned to ride!"
Quoth Charles, "Old hetman, wherefore so,
Since thou hast learned the art so well?"
Mazeppa said, "'T were long to tell;
And we have many a league to go
With every now and then a blow,
And ten to one at least the foe,
Before our steeds may graze at ease
Beyond the swift Borysthenes:
And, sire, your limbs have need of rest,
And I will be the sentinel
Of this your troop." "But I request,"
Said Sweden's monarch, "thou wilt tell
This tale of thine, and I may reap
Perchance from this the boon of sleep;
For at this moment from my eyes
The hope of present slumber flies."

"Well, sire, with such a hope, I 'll track
My seventy years of memory back:
I think 't was in my twentieth spring, —
Ay, 't was, — when Casimir was king, —
John Casimir, — I was his page
Six summers in my earlier age;
A learned monarch, faith! was he,
And most unlike your majesty:
He made no wars, and did not gain
New realms to lose them back again;
And (save debates in Warsaw's diet)
He reigned in most unseemly quiet;

Not that he had no cares to vex,
He loved the muses and the sex;
And sometimes these so froward are,
They made him wish himself at war;
But soon his wrath being o'er, he took
Another mistress, or new book:
And then he gave prodigious fêtes, —
All Warsaw gathered round his gates
To gaze upon his splendid court,
And dames, and chiefs, of princely port:
He was the Polish Solomon,
So sung his poets, all but one,
Who, being unpensioned, made a satire,
And boasted that he could not flatter.
It was a court of jousts and mimes,
Where every courtier tried at rhymes;
Even I for once produced some verses,
And signed my odes, Despairing Thirsis.
There was a certain Palatine,
A count of far and high descent,
Rich as a salt or silver mine;
And he was proud, ye may divine,
As if from heaven he had been sent:
He had such wealth in blood and ore,
As few could match beneath the throne;
And he would gaze upon his store,
And o'er his pedigree would pore,
Until by some confusion led,
Which almost looked like want of head,
He thought their merits were his own.
His wife was not of his opinion, —

His junior she by thirty years, —
Grew daily tired of his dominion;
And, after wishes, hopes, and fears,
To virtue a few farewell tears,
A restless dream or two, some glances
At Warsaw's youth, some songs, and dances,
Awaited but the usual chances,
Those happy accidents which render
The coldest dames so very tender,
To deck her count with titles given,
'T is said, as passports into heaven;
But, strange to say, they rarely boast
Of these who have deserved them most.

V.

"I was a goodly stripling then;
At seventy years I so may say,
That there were few, or boys or men,
Who, in my dawning time of day,
Of vassal or of knight's degree,
Could vie in vanities with me;
For I had strength, youth, gayety,
A port not like to this ye see,
But smooth, as all is rugged now;
For time and care and war have ploughed
My very soul from out my brow;
And thus I should be disavowed
By all my kind and kin, could they
Compare my day and yesterday;
This change was wrought, too, long ere age

Had ta'en my features for his page:
With years, we know, have not declined
My strength, my courage, or my mind,
Or at this hour I should not be
Telling old tales beneath a tree
With starless skies my canopy.
But let me on: Theresa's form, —
Methinks it glides before me now,
Between me and yon chestnut's bough,
The memory is so quick and warm;
And yet I find no words to tell
The shape of her I loved so well:
She had the Asiatic eye,
Such as our Turkish neighborhood
Hath mingled with our Polish blood,
Dark as above us is the sky;
But through it stole a tender light,
Like the first moonrise at midnight;
Large, dark, and swimming in the stream,
Which seemed to melt to its own beam;
All love, half languor, and half fire,
Like saints that at the stake expire,
And lift their raptured looks on high,
As though it were a joy to die.
A brow like a midsummer lake,
Transparent with the sun therein,
When waves no murmur dare to make,
And heaven beholds her face within.
A cheek and lip, — but why proceed?
I loved her then, — I love her still;
And such as I am, love indeed

In fierce extremes, — in good and ill.
But still we love even in our rage,
And haunted to our very age
With the vain shadow of the past,
As is Mazeppa to the last.

VI.

"We met, — we gazed, — I saw, and sighed,
She did not speak, and yet replied;
There are ten thousand tones and signs
We hear and see, but none defines, —
Involuntary sparks of thought,
Which strike from out the heart o'erwrought,
And form a strange intelligence,
Alike mysterious and intense,
Which link the burning chain that binds,
Without their will, young hearts and minds;
Conveying, as the electric wire,
We know not how, the absorbing fire.
I saw, and sighed, — in silence wept,
And still reluctant distance kept,
Until I was made known to her,
And we might then and there confer
Without suspicion, — then, even then,
I longed, and was resolved to speak;
But on my lips they died again,
The accents tremulous and weak,
Until one hour. There is a game,
A frivolous and foolish play,
Wherewith we while away the day;
It is — I have forgot the name, —

And we to this, it seems, were set,
By some strange chance, which I forget:
I recked not if I won or lost,
  It was enough for me to be
  So near to hear, and O, to see
The being whom I loved the most.
I watched her as a sentinel,
(May ours this dark night watch as well!)
  Until I saw, and thus it was,
That she was pensive, nor perceived
Her occupation, nor was grieved
Nor glad to lose or gain; but still
Played on for hours, as if her will
Yet bound her to the place, though not
That hers might be the winning lot.
  Then through my brain the thought did pass
Even as a flash of lightning there,
That there was something in her air
Which would not doom me to despair;
And on the thought my words broke forth,
  All incoherent as they were, —
Their eloquence was little worth,
But yet she listened, — 't is enough, —
  Who listens once will listen twice;
  Her heart, be sure, is not of ice,
And one refusal no rebuff.

VII.

"I loved, and was beloved again, —
  They tell me, Sire, you never knew
  Those gentle frailties: if 't is true,

I shorten all my joy or pain,
To you 't would seem absurd as vain;
But all men are not born to reign,
Or o'er their passions, or, as you,
Thus o'er themselves and nations too.
I am — or rather was — a prince,
A chief of thousands, and could lead
Them on where each would foremost bleed;
But could not o'er myself evince
The like control. But to resume:
I loved, and was beloved again;
In sooth, it is a happy doom,
But yet where happiness ends in pain.
We met in secret, and the hour
Which led me to that lady's bower
Was fiery expectation's dower.
My days and nights were nothing, — all
Except that hour, which doth recall
In the long lapse from youth to age
No other like itself, — I 'd give
The Ukraine back again to live
It o'er once more, — and be a page,
The happy page, who was the lord
Of one soft heart, and his own sword,
And had no other gem nor wealth
Save Nature's gift of youth and health, —
We met in secret, — doubly sweet,
Some say, they find it so to meet;
I know not that, — I would have given
My life but to have called her mine
In the full view of earth and heaven;

For I did oft and long repine
That we could only meet by stealth.

VIII.

"For lovers there are many eyes,
And such there were on us: the devil
On such occasions should be civil, —
The devil! I 'm loath to do him wrong,
It might be some untoward saint,
Who would not be at rest too long,
But to his pious bile gave vent, —
But one fair night, some lurking spies
Surprised and seized us both.
The count was something more than wroth, —
I was unarmed; but if in steel,
All cap-à-pie, from head to heel,
What 'gainst their numbers could I do?
'T was near his castle, far away
From city or from succor near,
And almost on the break of day;
I did not think to see another,
My moments seemed reduced to few;
And with one prayer to Mary Mother,
And, it may be, a saint or two,
As I resigned me to my fate,
They led me to the castle gate:
Theresa's doom I never knew,
Our lot was henceforth separate.
An angry man, ye may opine,
Was he, the proud Count Palatine;

And he had reason good to be,
But he was most enraged lest such
An accident should chance to touch
Upon his future pedigree;
Nor less amazed, that such a blot
His noble 'scutcheon should have got,
While he was highest of his line:
Because unto himself he seemed
The first of men, nor less he deemed
In others' eyes, and most in mine.
'Sdeath! with a page, — perchance a king
Had reconciled him to the thing:
But with a stripling of a page, —
I felt, but cannot paint his rage.

IX.

"'Bring forth the horse!'—the horse was brought,
In truth, he was a noble steed,
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
Who looked as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs: but he was wild,
Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
With spur and bridle undefiled, —
'T was but a day he had been caught;
And snorting, with erected mane,
And struggling fiercely, but in vain,
In the full foam of wrath and dread,
To me the desert-born was led;
They bound me on, that menial throng,
Upon his back with many a thong;

Then loosed him with a sudden lash, —
Away! — away! — and on we dash!
Torrents less rapid and less rash.

X.

Away! — away! My breath was gone, —
I saw not where he hurried on:
'T was scarcely yet the break of day,
And on he foamed, — away! — away! —
The last of human sounds which rose,
As I was darted from my foes,
Was the wild shout of savage laughter,
Which on the wind came roaring after
A moment from that rabble rout:
With sudden wrath I wrenched my head,
And snapped the cord, which to the mane
Had bound my neck in lieu of rein,
And writhing half my form about,
Howled back my curse; but midst the tread,
The thunder of my courser's speed,
Perchance they did not hear nor heed:
It vexes me, — for I would fain
Have paid their insult back again.
I paid it well in after days:
There is not of that castle gate,
Its drawbridge and portcullis' weight,
Stone, bar, moat, bridge, or barrier left;
Nor of its fields a blade of grass,
Save what grows on a ridge of wall,
Where stood the hearthstone of the hall;

And many a time ye there might pass,
Nor dream that e'er that fortress was:
I saw its turrets in a blaze,
Their crackling battlements all cleft,
  And the hot lead pour down like rain
From off the scorched and blackening roof,
Whose thickness was not vengeance-proof.
  They little thought that day of pain,
When launched, as on the lightning's flash,
They bade me to destruction dash,
  That one day I should come again,
With twice five thousand horse, to thank
  The count for his uncourteous ride.
They played me then a bitter prank,
  When, with the wild horse for my guide,
They bound me to his foaming flank:
At length I played them one as frank, —
For time at last sets all things even, —
  And if we do but watch the hour,
  There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

XI.

"Away, away, my steed and I,
  Upon the pinions of the wind,
  All human dwellings left behind;
We sped like meteors through the sky,
When with its crackling sound the night

Is checkered with the northern light:
Town, — village, — none were on our track,
But a wild plain of far extent,
And bounded by a forest black:
And, save the scarce-seen battlement
On distant heights of some strong hold,
Against the Tartars built of old,
No trace of man. The year before
A Turkish army had marched o'er;
And where the Spahi's hoof hath trod,
The verdure flies the bloody sod:
The sky was dull, and dim, and gray,
And a low breeze crept moaning by, —
I could have answered with a sigh, —
But fast we fled, away, away, —
And I could neither sigh nor pray;
And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain
Upon the courser's bristling mane:
But, snorting still with rage and fear,
He flew upon his far career:
At times I almost thought, indeed,
He must have slackened in his speed:
But no, — my bound and slender frame
Was nothing to his angry might,
And merely like a spur became:
Each motion which I made to free
My swoln limbs from their agony
Increased his fury and affright:
I tried my voice, — 't was faint and low,
But yet he swerved as from a blow;
And, starting to each accent, sprang

As from a sudden trumpet's clang:
Meantime my cords were wet with gore,
Which, oozing through my limbs, ran o'er;
And in my tongue the thirst became
A something fierier far than flame.

XII.

"We neared the wild wood, — 't was so wide,
I saw no bounds on either side;
'T was studded with old sturdy trees,
That bent not to the roughest breeze
Which howls down from Siberia's waste,
And strips the forest in its haste, —
But these were few, and far between,
Set thick with shrubs more young and green,
Luxuriant with their annual leaves,
Ere strown by those autumnal eves
That nip the forest's foliage dead,
Discolored with a lifeless red,
Which stands thereon like stiffened gore
Upon the slain when battle 's o'er,
And some long winter's night hath shed
Its frost o'er every tombless head,
So cold and stark the raven's beak
May peck unpierced each frozen cheek:
'T was a wild waste of underwood,
And here and there a chestnut stood,
The strong oak, and the hardy pine;
But far apart, — and well it were,
Or else a different lot were mine, —

The boughs gave way, and did not tear
My limbs; and I found strength to bear
My wounds, already scarred with cold, —
My bonds forbade to loose my hold.
We rustled through the leaves like wind,
Left shrubs and trees and wolves behind;
By night I heard them on the track,
Their troop came hard upon our back,
With their long gallop, which can tire
The hound's deep hate, and hunter's fire:
Where'er we flew they followed on,
Nor left us with the morning sun;
Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,
At daybreak winding through the wood,
And through the night had heard their feet
Their stealing, rustling step repeat.
O, how I wished for spear or sword,
At least to die amidst the horde,
And perish — if it must be so —
At bay, destroying many a foe.
When first my courser's race begun,
I wished the goal already won;
But now I doubted strength and speed.
Vain doubt! his swift and savage breed
Had nerved him like the mountain-roe;
Nor faster falls the blinding snow
Which whelms the peasant near the door
Whose threshold he shall cross no more,
Bewildered with the dazzling blast,
Than through the forest-paths he past, —
Untired, untamed, and worse than wild;

All furious as a favored child
Balked of its wish; or, fiercer still,
A woman piqued, who has her will.

XIII.

"The wood was past; 't was more than noon;
But chill the air, although in June;
Or it might be my veins ran cold, —
Prolonged endurance tames the bold:
And I was then not what I seem,
But headlong as a wintry stream,
And wore my feelings out before
I well could count their causes o'er:
And what with fury, fear, and wrath,
The tortures which beset my path,
Cold, hunger, sorrow, shame, distress,
Thus bound in nature's nakedness;
Sprung from a race whose rising blood
When stirred beyond its calmer mood,
And trodden hard upon, is like
The rattlesnake's, in act to strike,
What marvel if this worn-out trunk
Beneath its woes a moment sunk?
The earth gave way, the skies rolled round,
I seemed to sink upon the ground;
But erred, for I was fastly bound.
My heart turned sick, my brain grew sore,
And throbbed awhile, then beat no more:
The skies spun like a mighty wheel;
I saw the trees like drunkards reel,

And a slight flash sprang o'er my eyes,
Which saw no farther: he who dies
Can die no more than then I died.
O'ertortured by that ghastly ride,
I felt the blackness come and go,
  And strove to wake; but could not make
My senses climb up from below:
I felt as on a plank at sea,
When all the waves that dash o'er thee,
At the same time upheave and whelm,
And hurl thee towards a desert realm.
My undulating life was as
The fancied lights that flitting pass
Our shut eyes in deep midnight, when
Fever begins upon the brain;
But soon it passed, with little pain,
  But a confusion worse than such:
  I own that I should deem it much,
Dying, to feel the same again;
And yet I do suppose we must
Feel far more ere we turn to dust:
No matter; I have bared my brow
Full in Death's face — before — and now.

XIV.

"My thoughts came back; where was I? Cold,
  And numb, and giddy: pulse by pulse
Life reassumed its lingering hold,
And throb by throb; till grown a pang
  Which for a moment would convulse,

My blood reflowed, though thick and chill;
My ear with uncouth noises rang,
My heart began once more to thrill;
My sight returned, though dim, alas!
And thickened, as it were, with glass.
Methought the dash of waves was nigh;
There was a gleam too of the sky,
Studded with stars; — it is no dream;
The wild horse swims the wilder stream!
The bright broad river's gushing tide
Sweeps, winding onward, far and wide,
And we are half-way struggling o'er
To yon unknown and silent shore.
The waters broke my hollow trance.
And with a temporary strength
My stiffened limbs were rebaptized,
My courser's broad breast proudly braves,
And dashes off the ascending waves,
And onward we advance!
We reach the slippery shore at length,
A haven I but little prized,
For all behind was dark and drear,
And all before was night and fear.
How many hours of night or day
In those suspended pangs I lay,
I could not tell; I scarcely knew
If this were human breath I drew.

XV.

"With glossy skin, and dripping mane,
And reeling limbs, and reeking flank,

The wild steed's sinewy nerves still strain
  Up the repelling bank.
We gain the top: a boundless plain
Spreads through the shadow of the night,
  And onward, onward, onward, seems
  Like precipices in our dreams,
To stretch beyond the sight;
And here and there a speck of white,
  Or scattered spot of dusky green,
In masses broke into the light,
As rose the moon upon my right.
  But naught distinctly seen
In the dim waste, would indicate
The omen of a cottage gate;
No twinkling taper from afar
Stood like a hospitable star;
Not even an ignis-fatuus rose
To make him merry with my woes:
  That very cheat had cheered me then!
Although detected, welcome still,
Reminding me, through every ill,
  Of the abodes of men.

XVI.

"Onward we went,—but slack and slow;
  His savage force at length o'erspent,
The drooping courser, faint and low,
  All feebly foaming went.
A sickly infant had had power
To guide him forward in that hour;

But useless all to me.
His new-born tameness naught availed,
My limbs were bound; my force had failed,
Perchance, had they been free.
With feeble effort still I tried
To rend the bonds so starkly tied, —
But still it was in vain;
My limbs were only wrung the more,
And soon the idle strife gave o'er,
Which but prolonged their pain:
The dizzy race seemed almost done,
Although no goal was nearly won:
Some streaks announced the coming sun. —
How slow, alas! he came!
Methought that mist of dawning gray
Would never dapple into day;
How heavily it rolled away, —
Before the eastern flame
Rose crimson, and deposed the stars,
And called the radiance from their cars,
And filled the earth, from his deep throne,
With lonely lustre, all his own.

XVII.

Up rose the sun; the mists were curled
Back from the solitary world
Which lay around — behind — before:
What booted it to traverse o'er
Plain, forest, river? Man nor brute,
Nor dint of hoof, nor print of foot,

Lay in the wild luxuriant soil;
No sign of travel, — none of toil;
The very air was mute;
And not an insect's shrill small horn,
Nor matin bird's new voice was borne
From herb nor thicket. Many a werst,
Panting as if his heart would burst,
The weary brute still staggered on;
And still we were — or seemed — alone:
At length, while reeling on our way,
Methought I heard a courser neigh,
From out yon tuft of blackening firs.
Is it the wind those branches stirs?
No, no! from out the forest prance
A trampling troop; I see them come!
In one vast squadron they advance!
I strove to cry, — my lips were dumb.
The steeds rush on in plunging pride;
But where are they the reins to guide?
A thousand horse, — and none to ride!
With flowing tail, and flying mane,
Wide nostrils, — never stretched by pain, —
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,
And feet that iron never shod,
And flanks unscarred by spur or rod,
A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
Like waves that follow o'er the sea,
Came thickly thundering on,
As if our faint approach to meet;
The sight renerved my courser's feet,
A moment staggering, feebly fleet,

A moment, with a faint low neigh,
He answered, and then fell;
With gasps and glazing eyes he lay,
And reeking limbs immovable,
His first and last career is done!
On came the troop, — they saw him stoop,
They saw me strangely bound along
His back with many a bloody thong:
They stop — they start — they snuff the air,
Gallop a moment here and there,
Approach, retire, wheel round and round,
Then plunging back with sudden bound,
Headed by one black mighty steed,
Who seemed the patriarch of his breed,
Without a single speck or hair
Of white upon his shaggy hide;
They snort — they foam — neigh — swerve aside,
And backward to the forest fly,
By instinct from a human eye, —
They left me there, to my despair,
Linked to the dead and stiffening wretch,
Whose lifeless limbs beneath me stretch,
Relieved from that unwonted weight,
From whence I could not extricate
Nor him nor me, — and there we lay,
The dying on the dead!
I little deemed another day
Would see my houseless, helpless head.
And there from morn till twilight bound,
I felt the heavy hours toil round,
With just enough of life to see

My last of suns go down on me,
In hopeless certainty of mind,
That makes us feel at length resigned
To that which our foreboding years
Presents the worst and last of fears
Inevitable, — even a boon,
Nor more unkind for coming soon;
Yet shunned and dreaded with such care,
As if it only were a snare
That prudence might escape:
At times both wished for and implored,
At times sought with self-pointed sword,
Yet still a dark and hideous close
To even intolerable woes,
And welcome in no shape.
And, strange to say, the sons of pleasure,
They who have revelled beyond measure
In beauty, wassail, wine, and treasure,
Die calm, or calmer oft than he
Whose heritage was misery:
For he who hath in turn run through
All that was beautiful and new,
Hath naught to hope and naught to leave;
And, save the future (which is viewed
Not quite as men are base or good,
But as their nerves may be endued),
With naught perhaps to grieve:
The wretch still hopes his woes must end,
And Death, whom he should deem his friend,
Appears to his distempered eyes
Arrived to rob him of his prize,

The tree of his new Paradise.
To-morrow would have given him all,
Repaid his pangs, repaired his fall;
To-morrow would have been the first
Of days no more deplored or curst,
But bright and long and beckoning years,
Seen dazzling through the mist of tears,
Guerdon of many a painful hour;
To-morrow would have given him power
To rule, to shine, to smite, to save, —
And must it dawn upon his grave?

XVIII.

"The sun was sinking, — still I lay
Chained to the chill and stiffening steed,
I thought to mingle there our clay;
And my dim eyes of death had need,
No hope arose of being freed:
I cast my last looks up the sky,
And there between me and the sun
I saw the expecting raven fly,
Who scarce would wait till both should die,
Ere his repast begun;
He flew, and perched, then flew once more,
And each time nearer than before;
I saw his wing through twilight flit,
And once so near me he alit
I could have smote, but lacked the strength;
But the slight motion of my hand,
And feeble scratching of the sand,

The exerted throat's faint struggling noise,
Which scarcely could be called a voice,
Together scared him off at length. —
I know no more, — my latest dream
Is something of a lovely star
Which fixed my dull eyes from afar,
And went and came with wandering beam,
And of the cold, dull, swimming, dense
Sensation of recurring sense,
And then subsiding back to death,
And then again a little breath,
A little thrill, a short suspense,
An icy sickness curdling o'er
My heart, and sparks that crossed my brain, —
A gasp, a throb, a start of pain,
A sigh, and nothing more.

XIX.

"I woke. Where was I? — Do I see
A human face look down on me?
And doth a roof above me close?
Do these limbs on a couch repose?
Is this a chamber where I lie?
And is it mortal yon bright eye,
That watches me with gentle glance?
I closed my own again once more,
As doubtful that the former trance
Could not as yet be o'er.
A slender girl, long-haired, and tall,
Sate watching by the cottage wall;

The sparkle of her eye I caught,
Even with my first return of thought;
Forever and anon she threw
A prying, pitying glance on me
With her black eyes so wild and free:
I gazed, and gazed, until I knew
No vision it could be, —
But that I lived, and was released
From adding to the vulture's feast:
And when the Cossack maid beheld
My heavy eyes at length unsealed,
She smiled, — and I essayed to speak,
But failed, — and she approached, and made
With lip and finger signs that said,
I must not strive as yet to break
The silence, till my strength should be
Enough to leave my accents free;
And then her hand on mine she laid,
And smoothed the pillow for my head,
And stole along on tiptoe tread,
And gently oped the door, and spake
In whispers, — ne'er was voice so sweet,
Even music followed her light feet!
But those she called were not awake,
And she went forth; but ere she passed,
Another look on me she cast,
Another sign she made, to say,
That I had naught to fear, that all
Were near, at my command or call,
And she would not delay
Her due return; — while she was gone,
Methought I felt too much alone.

XX.

"She came with mother and with sire,—
What need of more?—I will not tire
With long recital of the rest,
Since I became the Cossack's guest:
They found me senseless on the plain,—
They bore me to the nearest hut,—
They brought me into life again,—
Me,—one day o'er their realm to reign!
Thus the vain fool who strove to glut
His rage, refining on my pain,
Sent me forth to the wilderness,
Bound, naked, bleeding, and alone,
To pass the desert to a throne.—
What mortal his own doom may guess?
Let none despond, let none despair!
To-morrow the Borysthenes
May see our courser's graze at ease
Upon his Turkish bank,—and never
Had I such welcome for a river
As I shall yield when safely there.
Comrades, good night!"—The hetman threw
His length beneath the oak-tree shade,
With leafy couch already made,
A bed nor comfortless nor new
To him, who took his rest whene'er
The hour arrived, no matter where:—
His eyes the hastening slumbers steep.
And if ye marvel Charles forgot
To thank his tale, *he* wondered not,—
The king had been an hour asleep.

Lord Byron.

Utvinsk.

UTVINSK.

BEYOND the famous river Utva,
Among the Utvinsk hills,
In a wide valley,
A cornfield was ploughed.
Not with the plough was the field ploughed,
But with keen Tartar spears.
Not with a harrow was the field harrowed,
But with swift feet of horses.
Not with rye, nor with wheat, was the field sown,
But that cornfield was sown
With bold Cossack heads.
Not with rain was it moistened,
Not with strong autumn showers;
That field was moistened
With burning Cossack tears.

From the Russian. Tr. W. R. S. Ralston.

Volga, the River.

THE VOLGA.

AND still we kept the Volga's tide,
The Volga rolling gray and wide;
While the gulls of the Caspian over it flew,
A flash of silver and jet in the sun,

And, chill though the blast from the Oural blew,
Circled and hovered till day was done.

Faint, in the lulls of the wind, from shore
Came the lowing of herds that roved the plain;
And the bells rang over the water's roar
Calling the hamlet to holy fane.
And slowly the fishers of Astrakhan
Stemmed the current with laden keel;
While the barges the Kama peasants man,
And the barks of the Oka past them ran,
Heaped with iron and wheat and steel;
And as far as the wind could wander free,
On either side was the grassy sea.

Edna Dean Proctor.

FAREWELL TO THE VOLGA.

FAREWELL, O River of the Plain,
O River of the Sea!
Fain would I follow to the main
Thy current strong and free;
And find, beyond thy reedy islands,
The sullen Caspian's ocean silence.

The Kalmuck girls with braided hair,
And cap of scarlet crown,
Beside their tents, in evening fair,
Will watch thy tide go down;
And songs of the steppe and its rovers sing,
Their swarthy lovers listening.

And Kirghis, dark with desert suns,
  Will halt beside thy brink,
While the steed, the brackish spring that shuns,
  Stoops low, thy wave to drink;
Then, fresh and fleet as at dawn of day,
Over the plain they 'll haste away.

Farewell. I feel the west-wind blow;
  The Asian dream is o'er;
And Europe 's in the sunset glow,
  That gilds thy sandy shore.
I go where other streams will shine,
But none so lone, so grand as thine.

Edna Dean Proctor.

SONG.

AT Saratoff and Tzaritozine,
  Where Wolga's surges lave the shore,
The stream receives the Kamouchine,
  And proudly wafts its added store.

And two fair barks in gayest pride,
  All on the swelling current ply,
And o'er the rippling surface glide,
  With many a streamer waving high.

And when the fields are clothed in green,
  A sturdy train from Tanais' shore,
Repair to Wolga's busy scene,
  And gayly tug the pliant oar.

And as they urge the gliding prow,
To every measured stroke they sing;
And Peter forms each ardent vow,
Great Peter, Russia's lord and king!

At Mentchikoff, the poor man's foe,
Deep murmurs speak their inward rage;
Dire author he of all their woe, —
The stripling's bane, the bane of age.

"He shares the bread we earn," they cry,
As they the doleful strain prolong;
"At his approach all pleasures fly, —
The merry dance, the joyous song."

From the Russian. *Tr. Anon.*

Warsaw.

THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

THE yellow snow-fog curdled thick,
Dark, brooding, dull, and brown,
About the ramparts hiding all
The steeples of the town;
The icicles, as thick as beams,
Hung down from every roof,
When all at once we heard a sound
As of a muffled hoof.

'T was nothing but a soldier's horse,
All riderless and torn
With bullets; scarce his bleeding legs
Could reach the gate. A morn
Of horror broke upon us then;
We listened, but no drum,—
Only a sullen, distant roar
Telling us that they come.

Next, slowly staggering through the fog,
A grenadier reeled past,
A bloody turban round his head,
His pallid face aghast.
Behind him, with an arm bound up
With half a Russian flag,
Came one, then three, the last one sopped
His breast with crimson rag.

Quick all at once a sullen bell
Upon the gateway tower
Broke out, to warn our citizens
Napoleon's savage power
Had gone to wreck, and these the waifs
Were making fast to land.
It bade us look to see the hulk
Sucked hellward by the sand.

All day the frozen, bleeding men
Came pouring through the place;
Drums broken, colors torn to shreds,
Foul wounds on every face.

Black powder-wagons, scorched and split,
Broad wheels caked thick with snow,
Red bayonets bent, and swords that still
Were reeking from the blow.

A drunken rabble, pale and wan,
With cursing faces turned
To where, still threatening in the rear,
The port-fires lurid burned.
The ground was strewn with epaulettes,
Letters, and cards, and songs:
The barrels, leaking drops of gold,
Were trampled by the throngs.

A brutal, selfish, goring mob,
Yet here and there a trace
Of the divine shone out, and lit
A gashed and suffering face.
Here came a youth, who on his back
His dying father bore;
With bandaged feet the brave youth limped,
Slow, shuddering, dripping gore.

And even mid the trampling crowd,
Maimed, crippled by the frost,
I found that every spark of good
Was not extinct and lost.
Deep in the ranks of savage men
I saw two grenadiers
Leading their corporal, his breast
Stabbed by the Cossack spears.

He saved that boy whose tearful eyes
Were fixed upon the three, —
Although too weak to beat his drum
Still for his company.
Half stripped, or wrapped in furs and gowns,
The broken ranks went on;
They ran if any one called out
"The Cossacks of the Don!"

The whispered rumor, like a fire,
Spreads fast from street to street;
With boding look and shaking head
The staring gossips meet:
"Ten thousand horses every night
Were smitten by the frost;
Full thirty thousand rank and file
In Beresina lost.

"The Cossacks fill their caps with gold
The Frenchmen fling away.
Napoleon was shot the first,
And only lived a day, —
They say that Caulaincourt is lost, —
The guns are left behind;
God's curse has fallen on these thieves, —
He sent the snow and wind."

Tired of the clatter and the noise,
I sought an inner room,
Where twenty waxlights, starry clear,
Drove off the fog and gloom.

I took my wanton Ovid down,
And soon forgot the scene,
As through my dreams I saw arise
The rosy-bosomed queen.

My wine stood mantling in the glass,
(The goblet of Voltaire),
I sipped and dozed, and dozed and sipped,
Slow rocking in my chair,
When open flew the bursting door,
And Caulaincourt stalked in,
Tall, gaunt, and wrapped in frozen furs,
Hard frozen to his skin.

* * *

The wretched hag of the low inn
Puffed at the sullen fire
Of spitting wood, that hissed and smoked;
There stood the Jove whose ire
But lately set the world aflame,
Wrapped in a green pelisse,
Fur-lined, and stiff with half-burnt lace,
Trying to seem at ease.

"Bah! du sublime au ridicule
Il n'y a qu'un pas,"
He said. "The rascals think they've made
A comet of my star.
The army broken, — dangers? — pish! —
I did not bring the frost.
Levy ten thousand Poles, Duroc, —
Who tells me we have lost?

"I beat them everywhere, Murat, —
It is a costly game;
But nothing venture, nothing win, —
I'm sorry now we came.
That burning Moscow was a deed
Worthy of ancient Rome, —
Mind that I gild the Invalides
To match the Kremlin dome.

"Well? well as Beelzebub himself!"
He leaped into the sleigh
Sent forth to bear this Cæsar off
Upon his ruthless way.
A flash of fire! — the courtyard stones
Snapped out, — the landlord cheered, —
In a hell-gulf of pitchy dark
The carriage disappeared.

Walter Thornbury.

THE KING'S JEWEL.

'TWAS a night to make the bravest
Shrink from the tempest's breath,
For the winter snows were bitter,
And the winds were cruel as death.

All day on the roofs of Warsaw
Had the white storm sifted down
Till it almost hid the humble huts
Of the poor outside the town.

And it beat upon one low cottage
With a sort of reckless spite,
As if to add to their wretchedness
Who sat by its hearth that night;

Where Dorby, the Polish peasant,
Took his pale wife by the hand,
And told her that when the morrow came
They would have no home in the land.

No human hand would aid him
With the rent that was due at morn;
And his cold, hard-hearted landlord
Had spurned his prayers with scorn.

Then the poor man took his Bible,
And read, while his eyes grew dim,
To see if any comfort
Were written there for him;

When he suddenly heard a knocking
On the casement, soft and light:
It was n't the storm; but what else could be
Abroad in such a night?

Then he went and opened the window,
But for wonder scarce could speak,
As a bird flew in with a jewelled ring
Held flashing in his beak.

"'T is the bird I trained," said Dorby,
"And that is the precious ring

That once I saw on the royal hand
Of our good and gracious king.

"And if birds, as our lesson tells us,
Once came with food to men,
Who knows," said the foolish peasant,
"But they might be sent again!"

So he hopefully went with the morning,
And knocked at the palace gate,
And gave to the king the jewel
They had searched for long and late.

And when he had heard the story
Which the peasant had to tell,
He gave him a fruitful garden,
And a home wherein to dwell.

And Dorby wrote o'er the doorway
These words that all might see:
"Thou hast called on the Lord in trouble,
And he hath delivered thee!"

Phœbe Cary.

THE LAST TEN OF THE FOURTH REGIMENT.

A THOUSAND soldiers knelt in Warsaw's square,
The solemn oath of battle sternly taking;
They swore, without a shot, the foe to dare,
With bayonets' point their deadly pathway making.

Beat drums! march on, and let our country tell
That "Poland's Fourth" will keep its promise well.

So said, and bloody Praga saw it done.
Right where the foe in thickest mass was rushing,
We charged, and not a comrade fired his gun,
But each with deadly bayonet on was pushing.
Praga shall tell how, mid the blackened air,
Poland's "Fourth Regiment" was bleeding there.

When, from a thousand throats of fire, the flame
At Ostrolenka on our columns falling
Mowed down our ranks, we broke our way, and came
With the sharp bayonets' point their heart appalling.
Let Ostrolenka, joined with Praga, say
That "Poland's Fourth" has kept its vow to-day.

Yes, many manly hearts then sank to rest,
To the war-fiend a noble offering bringing;
Yet to his oath each man was true, and prest
On to the end, still to his weapon clinging;
Yes, with unloaded gun and steady eye,
Poland's "Fourth Regiment" marched on to die.

O, woe to us! woe to our land forlorn!
O, ask not whence or how this misery came!
Woe, woe to every child in Poland born!
Our wounds break open when we hear her name.
They bleed afresh, but most our hearts are wrung
When "Poland's Fourth" is named by any tongue.

And ah! dear brothers, who to death have gone,
But, dying, from our souls shall perish never;
We, who still live, with broken hearts move on,
Far from our homes, the homes now lost forever;
And pray that God in heaven may quickly send
The last of "Poland's Fourth" a blessed end.

From Poland's confines, through the misty air,
Ten soldiers come, and, crossing Prussia's border,
The sentry challenges with, "Who comes there?"
They stand in silence. He repeats the order.
At last one says, "Out of a thousand men
In 'Poland's Fourth' we are the only ten."

Julius Mosen. Tr. J. F. Clarke.

Worskla.

LAMENT FOR YESSAUL PUSHKAR.

THERE flows a little river,
And Worskla is its name;
And of the little river
Know old and young the fame.

And on the little river
They know good songs to sing;
And on the little river
They like good thoughts to think.

O thoughts, ye manly thoughts,
  Ye call up sorrow and woe;
O thoughts, ye manly thoughts,
  From you strong deeds can grow!

Where are you, brave Kozaks?
  Where are you, valiant lords?
Your bones are in the grave,
  In the deep moor your swords!

Where art thou, O Pushkar?
  Where art thou, valiant knight?
Ukraina weeps for thee,
  And for her fate so bright.

His bones are in the grave,
  Himself with God is now;
O, weep, O, weep, Ukraina,
  An orphan left art thou.

From the Russian. Tr. Mrs. T. A. L. Robinson.

ASIATIC RUSSIA.

Caucasus, the Mountains.

PROMETHEUS BOUND.

PROMETHEUS (*alone*). O holy Æther, and swift-winged Winds,
And River-wells, and laughter innumerous
Of yon Sea-waves! Earth, mother of us all,
And all-viewing cyclic Sun, I cry on you!—
Behold me a god, what I endure from gods!
Behold, with throe on throe,
How, wasted by this woe,
I wrestle down the myriad years of Time!
Behold, how, fast around me,
The new King of the happy ones sublime
Has flung the chain he forged, has shamed and bound me!
Woe, woe! to-day's woe and the coming morrow's,
I cover with one groan! And where is found me
A limit to these sorrows?

And yet what word do I say? I have foreknown
Clearly all things that should be — nothing done
Comes sudden to my soul, — and I must bear
What is ordained with patience, being aware
Necessity doth front the universe
With an invincible gesture. Yet this curse
Which strikes me now, I find it hard to brave
In silence or in speech. Because I gave
Honor to mortals, I have yoked my soul
To this compelling fate! Because I stole
The secret fount of fire, whose bubbles went
Over the ferule's brim, and manward sent
Art's mighty means and perfect rudiment,
That sin I expiate in this agony,
Hung here in fetters, 'neath the blanching sky!
Ah, ah me! what a sound,
What a fragrance sweeps up from a pinion unseen
Of a god, or a mortal, or nature between, —
Sweeping up to this rock where the earth has her bound,
To have sight of my pangs, — or some guerdon obtain, —
Lo! a god in the anguish, a god in the chain!
The god, Zeus hateth sore,
And his gods hate again,
As many as tread on his glorified floor, —
Because I loved mortals too much evermore!
Alas me! what a murmur and motion I hear,
As of birds flying near!
And the air undersings
The light stroke of their wings —
And all life that approaches I wait for in fear.

CHORUS OF SEA NYMPHS, 1ST STROPHE.

Fear nothing! our troop
Floats lovingly up,
With a quick-oaring stroke
Of wings steered to the rock,
Having softened the soul of our father below!
For the gales of swift-bearing have sent me a sound,—
And the clank of the iron, the malleted blow,
Smote down the profound
Of my caverns of old,
And struck the red light in a blush from my brow,—
Till I sprang up unsandalled, in haste to behold,
And rushed forth on my chariot of wings manifold.

PROM. Alas me!—alas me!
Ye offspring of Tethys who bore at her breast
Many children, and eke of Oceanus,—he,
Coiling still around earth with perpetual unrest!
Behold me and see!
How transfixed with the fang
Of a fetter, I hang
On the high-jutting rocks of this fissure, and keep
An uncoveted watch o'er the world and the deep.

CHORUS, 1ST ANTISTROPHE.

I behold thee, Prometheus,—yet now, yet now,
A terrible cloud, whose rain is tears,
Sweeps over mine eyes that witness how
Thy body appears

Hung awaste on the rocks by infrangible chains!
For new is the hand and the rudder that steers
The ship of Olympus through surge and wind —
And of old things passed, no track is behind.

PROM. Under earth, under Hades,
Where the home of the shade is,
All into the deep, deep Tartarus,
I would he had hurled me adown!
I would he had plunged me, fastened thus
In the knotted chain, with the savage clang,
All into the dark, where there should be none,
Neither god nor another, to laugh and see!
But now the winds sing through and shake
The hurtling chains wherein I hang, —
And I, in my naked sorrows, make
Much mirth for my enemy.

CHORUS, 2D STROPHE.

Nay! who of the gods hath a heart so stern
As to use thy woe for a mock and mirth?
Who would not turn more mild to learn
Thy sorrows? who of the heaven and earth,
Save Zeus? But he
Right wrathfully
Bears on his sceptral soul unbent,
And rules thereby the heavenly seed,
Nor will he cease, till he content
His thirsty heart in a finished deed;
Or till Another shall appear,

To win by fraud, to seize by fear
The hard-to-be-captured government.

PROM. Yet even of me he shall have need,
That monarch of the blessed seed,
Of me, of me, who now am cursed
By his fetters dire,
To wring my secret out withal
And learn by whom his sceptre shall
Be filched from him — as was, at first,
His heavenly fire!
But he never shall enchant me
With his honey-lipped persuasion,
Never, never shall he daunt me
With the oath and threat of passion,
Into speaking as they want me,
Till he loose this savage chain,
And accept the expiation
Of my sorrow, in his pain.

CHORUS, 2D ANTISTROPHE.

Thou art, sooth, a brave god,
And, for all thou hast borne
From the stroke of the rod,
Naught relaxest from scorn!
But thou speakest unto me
Too free and unworn—
And a terror strikes through me
And festers my soul,
And I fear, in the roll

Of the storm, for thy fate
In the ship far from shore —
Since the son of Saturnius is hard in his hate
And unmoved in his heart evermore.

* * *

Prom. Beseech you, think not I am silent thus
Through pride or scorn! I only gnaw my heart
With meditation, seeing myself so wronged!
For so, — their honors to these new-made gods,
What other gave but I, — and dealt them out
With distribution? Ay, but here I am dumb!
For here, I should repeat your knowledge to you,
If I spake aught. List rather to the deeds
I did for mortals! how, being fools before,
I made them wise and true in aim of soul!
And let me tell you — not as taunting men,
But teaching you the intention of my gifts,
How, first beholding, they beheld in vain,
And hearing, heard not, but, like shapes in dreams,
Mixed all things wildly down the tedious time,
Nor knew to build a house against the sun,
With wicketed sides, nor any woodcraft knew,
But lived, like silly ants, beneath the ground
In hollow caves unsunned. There, came to them
No steadfast sign of winter, nor of spring
Flower-perfumed, nor of summer full of fruit, —
But blindly and lawlessly they did all things
Until I taught them how the stars do rise
And set in mystery, and devised for them
Number, the inducer of philosophies,
The synthesis of Letters, and, beside,

The artificer of all things, Memory,
That sweet Muse-mother. I was first to yoke
The servile beasts in couples, carrying
An heirdom of man's burdens on their backs!
I joined to chariots steeds that love the bit
They champ at, the chief pomp of golden ease!
And none but I originated ships,
The seaman's chariots, wandering on the brine
With linen wings! And I — O, miserable! —
Who did devise for mortals all these arts,
Have no device left now to save myself
From the woe I suffer!

* * *

CHORUS, 1ST STROPHE.

Never, O, never,
May Zeus, the all-giver,
Wrestle down from his throne
In that might of his own
To antagonize mine!
Nor let me delay
As I bend on my way
Toward the gods of the shrine,
Where the altar is full
Of the blood of the bull,
Near the tossing brine
Of Ocean my father!
May no sin be sped in the word that is said,
But my vow, be rather
Consummated,
Nor evermore fail, nor evermore pine.

1ST ANTISTROPHE.

'T is sweet to have
Life lengthened out
With hopes proved brave
By the very doubt,
Till the spirit enfold
Those manifest joys which were foretold!
But I thrill to behold
Thee, victim doomed,
By the countless cares
And the drear despairs,
For ever consumed, —
And all because thou, who art fearless now
Of Zeus above,
Dost overflow for mankind below
With a free-souled, reverent love.

Ah friend, behold and see!
What 's all the beauty of humanity?
Can it be fair?
What 's all the strength? — is it strong?
And what hope can they bear,
These dying livers — living one day long?
Ah, seest thou not, my friend,
How feeble and slow
And like a dream, doth go
This poor blind manhood, drifted from its end?
And how no mortal wranglings can confuse
The harmony of Zeus?

Prometheus, I have learnt these things
From the sorrow in thy face!
Another song did fold its wings
Upon my lips in other days
When round the bath and round the bed
The hymeneal chant instead
I sang for thee, and smiled, —
And thou didst lead, with gifts and vows,
Hesione, my father's child,
To be thy wedded spouse.

Æschylus. Tr. Mrs. E. B. Browning.

PROMETHEUS.

BLACKEN thy heavens, Jove,
With thunder-clouds,
And exercise thee, like a boy
Who thistles crops,
With smiting oaks and mountain-tops!
Yet must thou leave me standing
My own firm Earth;
Must leave my cottage, which thou didst not build,
And my warm hearth,
Whose cheerful glow
Thou enviest me.

I know naught more pitiful
Under the sun than you, Gods!
Ye nourish scantily,
With altar-taxes

And with cold lip-service,
This your majesty; —
Would perish, were not
Children and beggars
Credulous fools.

When I was a child,
And knew not whence or whither,
I would turn my wildered eye
To the sun, as if up yonder were
An ear to hear to my complaining, —
A heart, like mine,
On the oppressed to feel compassion.

Who helped me,
When I braved the Titans' insolence?
Who rescued me from death,
From slavery?
Hast thou not all thyself accomplished,
Holy-glowing heart?
And, glowing young and good,
Most ignorantly thanked
The slumberer above there?

I honor thee? For what?
Hast thou the miseries lightened
Of the down-trodden?
Hast thou the tears ever banished
From the afflicted?
Have I not to manhood been moulded
By omnipotent Time,

And by Fate everlasting, —
My lords and thine?

Dreamedst thou ever
I should grow weary of living,
And fly to the desert,
Since not all our
Pretty dream-buds ripen?
Here sit I, fashion men
In mine own image, —
A race to be like me,
To weep and to suffer,
To be happy and to enjoy themselves, —
All careless of thee too,
As I!

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. Tr. J. S. Dwight.

PROMETHEUS.

MONARCH of gods and demons, and all spirits
But One, who throng those bright and rolling worlds
Which thou and I alone of living things
Behold with sleepless eyes! regard this earth,
Made multitudinous with thy slaves, whom thou
Requitest for knee-worship, prayer, and praise,
And toil, and hecatombs of broken hearts,
With fear and self-contempt and barren hope.
Whilst me, who am thy foe, eyeless in hate,
Hast thou made reign and triumph, to thy scorn,

O'er mine own misery and thy vain revenge.
Three thousand years of sleep-unsheltered hours,
And moments aye divided by keen pangs
Till they seemed years, torture and solitude,
Scorn and despair, these are mine empire,
More glorious far than that which thou surveyest
From thine unenvied throne, O mighty God!
Almighty, had I deigned to share the shame
Of thine ill tyranny, and hung not here
Nailed to this wall of eagle-baffling mountain,
Black, wintry, dead, unmeasured; without herb,
Insect, or beast, or shape or sound of life.
Ah me, alas! pain, pain ever, for ever!

No change, no pause, no hope! Yet I endure.
I ask the earth, have not the mountains felt?
I ask yon heaven, the all-beholding sun,
Has it not seen? The sea, in storm or calm,
Heaven's ever-changing shadow, spread below,
Have its deaf waves not heard my agony?
Ah me! alas, pain, pain ever, for ever!

The crawling glaciers pierce me with the spears
Of their moon-freezing crystals; the bright chains
Eat with their burning cold into my bones.
Heaven's winged hound, polluting from thy lips
His beak in poison not his own, tears up
My heart; and shapeless sights come wandering by,
The ghastly people of the realm of dream,
Mocking me; and the earthquake-fiends are charged
To wrench the rivets from my quivering wounds

When the rocks split and close again behind:
While from their loud abysses howling throng
The genii of the storm, urging the rage
Of whirlwind, and afflict me with keen hail.
And yet to me welcome is day and night,
Whether one breaks the hoar frost of the morn,
Or starry, dim, and slow, the other climbs
The leaden-colored east; for then they lead
The wingless, crawling hours, one among whom
— As some dark priest hales the reluctant victim —
Shall drag thee, cruel king, to kiss the blood
From these pale feet, which then might trample thee
If they disdained not such a prostrate slave.
Disdain! Ah no! I pity thee. What ruin
Will hunt thee undefended through the wide heaven!
How will thy soul, cloven to its depth with terror,
Gape like a hell within! I speak in grief,
Not exultation, for I hate no more
As then, ere misery made me wise. The curse
Once breathed on thee I would recall. Ye mountains,
Whose many-voiced echoes, through the mist
Of cataracts, flung the thunder of that spell!
Ye icy springs, stagnant with wrinkling frost,
Which vibrated to hear me, and then crept
Shuddering through India! Thou serenest air,
Through which the sun walks burning without beams!
And ye swift whirlwinds, who on poised wings
Hung mute and moveless o'er yon hushed abyss,
As thunder, louder than your own, made rock
The orbed world! If then my words had power,
Though I am changed so that aught evil wish

Is dead within; although no memory be
Of what is hate, let them not lose it now!
What was that curse? for ye all heard me speak.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

PROMETHEUS.

ONE after one the stars have risen and set,
Sparkling upon the hoarfrost on my chain:
The Bear that prowled all night about the fold
Of the North-star hath shrunk into his den,
Scared by the blithesome footsteps of the Dawn,
Whose blushing smile floods all the Orient;
And now bright Lucifer grows less and less,
Into the heaven's blue quiet deep-withdrawn.
Sunless and starless all, the desert sky
Arches above me, empty as this heart
For ages hath been empty of all joy,
Except to brood upon its silent hope,
As o'er its hope of day the sky doth now.
All night have I heard voices; deeper yet
The deep low breathing of the silence grew,
While all about, muffled in awe, there stood
Shadows, or forms, or both, clear-felt at heart,
But, when I turned to front them, far along
Only a shudder through the midnight ran,
And the dense stillness walled me closer round.
But still I heard them wander up and down
That solitude, and flappings of dusk wings
Did mingle with them, whether of those hags

Let slip upon me once from Hades deep,
Or of yet direr torments, if such be,
I could but guess; and then toward me came
A shape as of a woman: very pale
It was, and calm; its cold eyes did not move,
And mine moved not, but only stared on them.
Their fixéd awe went through my brain like ice;
A skeleton hand seemed clutching at my heart,
And a sharp chill, as if a dank night fog
Suddenly closed me in, was all I felt:
And then, methought, I heard a freezing sigh,
A long, deep, shivering sigh, as from blue lips
Stiffening in death, close to mine ear. I thought
Some doom was close upon me, and I looked
And saw the red moon through the heavy mist,
Just setting, and it seemed as it were falling,
Or reeling to its fall, so dim and dead
And palsy-struck it looked. Then all sounds merged
Into the rising surges of the pines,
Which, leagues below me, clothing the gaunt loins
Of ancient Caucasus with hairy strength,
Sent up a murmur in the morning wind,
Sad as the wail that from the populous earth
All day and night to high Olympus soars,
Fit incense to thy wicked throne, O Jove!

Thy hated name is tossed once more in scorn
From off my lips, for I will tell thy doom.
And are these tears? Nay, do not triumph, Jove!
They are wrung from me but by the agonies
Of prophecy, like those sparse drops which fall

From clouds in travail of the lightning, when
The great wave of the storm high-curled and black
Rolls steadily onward to its thunderous break.
Why art thou made a god of, thou poor type
Of anger and revenge and cunning force?
True Power was never born of brutish Strength,
Nor sweet Truth suckled at the shaggy dugs
Of that old she-wolf. Are thy thunderbolts,
That quell the darkness for a space, so strong
As the prevailing patience of meek Light,
Who, with the invincible tenderness of peace,
Wins it to be a portion of herself?
Why art thou made a god of, thou, who hast
The never-sleeping terror at thy heart,
That birthright of all tyrants, worse to bear
Than this thy ravening bird on which I smile?
Thou swear'st to free me, if I will unfold
What kind of doom it is whose omen flits
Across thy heart, as o'er a troop of doves
The fearful shadow of the kite. What need
To know that truth whose knowledge cannot save?
Evil its errand hath, as well as Good;
When thine is finished, thou art known no more:
There is a higher purity than thou,
And higher purity is greater strength;
Thy nature is thy doom, at which thy heart
Trembles behind the thick wall of thy might.
Let man but hope, and thou art straightway chilled
With thought of that drear silence and deep night
Which, like a dream, shall swallow thee and thine:
Let man but will, and thou art god no more,

More capable of ruin than the gold
And ivory that image thee on earth.
He who hurled down the monstrous Titan-brood
Blinded with lightnings, with rough thunders stunned,
Is weaker than a simple human thought.
My slender voice can shake thee, as the breeze,
That seems but apt to stir a maiden's hair,
Sways huge Oceanus from pole to pole;
For I am still Prometheus, and foreknow
In my wise heart the end and doom of all.

Yes, I am still Prometheus, wiser grown
By years of solitude, — that holds apart
The past and future, giving the soul room
To search into itself, — and long commune
With this eternal silence; — more a god,
In my long-suffering and strength to meet
With equal front the direst shafts of fate,
Than thou in thy faint-hearted despotism,
Girt with thy baby-toys of force and wrath.
Yes, I am that Prometheus who brought down
The light to man, which thou, in selfish fear,
Hadst to thyself usurped, — his by sole right,
For Man hath right to all save Tyranny, —
And which shall free him yet from thy frail throne.
Tyrants are but the spawn of Ignorance,
Begotten by the slaves they trample on,
Who, could they win a glimmer of the light,
And see that Tyranny is always weakness,
Or Fear with its own bosom ill at ease,
Would laugh away in scorn the sand-wove chain

Which their own blindness feigned for adamant.
Wrong ever builds on quicksands, but the Right
To the firm centre lays its moveless base.
The tyrant trembles, if the air but stirs
The innocent ringlets of a child's free hair,
And crouches, when the thought of some great spirit,
With world-wide murmur, like a rising gale,
Over men's hearts, as over standing corn,
Rushes, and bends them to its own strong will.
So shall some thought of mine yet circle earth,
And puff away thy crumbling altars, Jove!

And, wouldst thou know of my supreme revenge,
Poor tyrant, even now dethroned in heart,
Realmless in soul, as tyrants ever are,
Listen! and tell me if this bitter peak,
This never-glutted vulture, and these chains
Shrink not before it; for it shall befit
A sorrow-taught, unconquered Titan-heart.
Men, when their death is on them, seem to stand
On a precipitous crag that overhangs
The abyss of doom, and in that depth to see,
As in a glass, the features dim and vast
Of things to come, the shadows, as it seems,
Of what have been. Death ever fronts the wise;
Not fearfully, but with clear promises
Of larger life, on whose broad vans upborne,
Their outlook widens, and they see beyond
The horizon of the Present and the Past,
Even to the very source and end of things.
Such am I now: immortal woe hath made

My heart a seer, and my soul a judge
Between the substance and the shadow of Truth.
The sure supremeness of the Beautiful,
By all the martyrdoms made doubly sure
Of such as I am, this is my revenge,
Which of my wrongs builds a triumphal arch,
Through which I see a sceptre and a throne.
The pipings of glad shepherds on the hills,
Tending the flocks no more to bleed for thee, —
The songs of maidens pressing with white feet
The vintage on thine altars poured no more, —
The murmurous bliss of lovers, underneath
Dim grapevine bowers, whose rosy bunches press
Not half so closely their warm cheeks, unpaled
By thoughts of thy brute lust, — the hive-like hum
Of peaceful commonwealths, where sunburnt Toil
Reaps for itself the rich earth made its own
By its own labor, lightened with glad hymns
To an omnipotence which thy mad bolts
Would cope with as a spark with the vast sea, —
Even the spirit of free love and peace,
Duty's sure recompense through life and death, —
These are such harvests as all master-spirits
Reap, haply not on earth, but reap no less
Because the sheaves are bound by hands not theirs;
These are the bloodless daggers wherewithal
They stab fallen tyrants, this their high revenge:
For their best part of life on earth is when,
Long after death, prisoned and pent no more,
Their thoughts, their wild dreams even, have become
Part of the necessary air men breathe:

When, like the moon, herself behind a cloud,
They shed down light before us on life's sea,
That cheers us to steer onward still in hope.
Earth with her twining memories ivies o'er
Their holy sepulchres; the chainless sea,
In tempest or wide calm, repeats their thoughts;
The lightning and the thunder, all free things,
Have legends of them for the ears of men.
All other glories are as falling stars,
But universal Nature watches theirs:
Such strength is won by love of human kind.

Not that I feel that hunger after fame,
Which souls of a half-greatness are beset with;
But that the memory of noble deeds
Cries shame upon the idle and the vile,
And keeps the heart of Man forever up
To the heroic level of old time.
To be forgot at first is little pain
To a heart conscious of such high intent
As must be deathless on the lips of men;
But, having been a name, to sink and be
A something which the world can do without,
Which, having been or not, would never change
The lightest pulse of fate, — this is indeed
A cup of bitterness the worst to taste,
And this thy heart shall empty to the dregs.
Endless despair shall be thy Caucasus,
And memory thy vulture; thou wilt find
Oblivion far lonelier than this peak, —
Behold thy destiny! Thou think'st it much

That I should brave thee, miserable god!
But I have braved a mightier than thou,
Even the tempting of this soaring heart,
Which might have made me, scarcely less than thou,
A god among my brethren weak and blind, —
Scarce less than thou, a pitiable thing
To be down-trodden into darkness soon.
But now I am above thee, for thou art
The bungling workmanship of fear, the block
That awes the swart Barbarian; but I
Am what myself have made, — a nature wise
With finding in itself the types of all, —
With watching from the dim verge of the time
What things to be are visible in the gleams
Thrown forward on them from the luminous past, —
Wise with the history of its own frail heart,
With reverence and with sorrow, and with love,
Broad as the world, for freedom and for man.

Thou and all strength shall crumble, except Love,
By whom, and for whose glory, ye shall cease:
And, when thou art but a dim moaning heard
From out the pitiless gloom of Chaos, I
Shall be a power and a memory,
A name to fright all tyrants with, a light
Unsetting as the pole-star, a great voice
Heard in the breathless pauses of the fight
By truth and freedom ever waged with wrong,
Clear as a silver trumpet, to awake
Huge echoes that from age to age live on
In kindred spirits, giving them a sense

Of boundless power from boundless suffering wrung:
And many a glazing eye shall smile to see
The memory of my triumph (for to meet
Wrong with endurance, and to overcome
The present with a heart that looks beyond,
Are triumph), like a prophet eagle, perch
Upon the sacred banner of the Right.
Evil springs up, and flowers, and bears no seed,
And feeds the green earth with its swift decay,
Leaving it richer for the growth of truth;
But Good, once put in action or in thought,
Like a strong oak, doth from its boughs shed down
The ripe germs of a forest. Thou, weak god,
Shalt fade and be forgotten! but this soul,
Fresh-living still in the serene abyss,
In every heaving shall partake, that grows
From heart to heart among the sons of men, —
As the ominous hum before the earthquake runs
Far through the Ægean from roused isle to isle, —
Foreboding wreck to palaces and shrines,
And mighty rents in many a cavernous error
That darkens the free light to man: — This heart,
Unscarred by thy grim vulture, as the truth
Grows but more lovely 'neath the beaks and claws
Of Harpies blind that fain would soil it, shall
In all the throbbing exultations share
That wait on freedom's triumphs, and in all
The glorious agonies of martyr-spirits, —
Sharp lightning-throes to split the jagged clouds
That veil the future, showing them the end, —
Pain's thorny crown for constancy and truth,

Girding the temples like a wreath of stars.
This is a thought, that, like the fabled laurel,
Makes my faith thunder-proof; and thy dread bolts
Fall on me like the silent flakes of snow
On the hoar brows of aged Caucasus:
But, O thought far more blissful, they can rend
This cloud of flesh, and make my soul a star!

Unleash thy crouching thunders now, O Jove!
Free this high heart, which, a poor captive long,
Doth knock to be let forth, — this heart which still
In its invincible manhood overtops
Thy puny godship as this mountain doth
The pines that moss its roots. O, even now,
While from my peak of suffering I look down,
Beholding with a far-spread gush of hope
The sunrise of that Beauty, in whose face,
Shone all around with love, no man shall look
But straightway like a god he is uplift
Unto the throne long empty for his sake,
And clearly oft foreshadowed in wide dreams
By his free inward nature, which nor thou
Nor any anarch after thee can bind
From working its great doom, — now, now set free
This essence, not to die, but to become
Part of that awful Presence which doth haunt
The palaces of tyrants, to hunt off,
With its grim eyes and fearful whisperings
And hideous sense of utter loneliness,
All hope of safety, all desire of peace,
All but the loathed forefeeling of blank death, —

Part of that spirit which doth ever brood
In patient calm on the unpilfered nest
Of man's deep heart, till mighty thoughts grow fledged
To sail with darkening shadow o'er the world,
Filling with dread such souls as dare not trust
In the unfailing energy of Good,
Until they swoop, and their pale quarry make
Of some o'er-bloated wrong, — that spirit which
Scatters great hopes in the seed-field of man,
Like acorns among grain, to grow and be
A roof for freedom in all coming time!
But no, this cannot be; for ages yet,
In solitude unbroken, shall I hear
The angry Caspian to the Euxine shout,
And Euxine answer with a muffled roar,
On either side storming the giant walls
Of Caucasus with leagues of climbing foam
(Less, from my height, than flakes of downy snow),
That draw back baffled but to hurl again,
Snatched up in wrath and horrible turmoil,
Mountain on mountain, as the Titans erst,
My brethren, scaling the high seat of Jove,
Heaved Pelion upon Ossa's shoulders broad
In vain emprise. The moon will come and go
With her monotonous vicissitude;
Once beautiful, when I was free to walk
Among my fellows, and to interchange
The influence benign of loving eyes,
But now by aged use grown wearisome; —
False thought! most false! for how could I endure
These crawling centuries of lonely woe

Unshamed by weak complaining, but for thee,
Loneliest, save me, of all created things,
Mild-eyed Astarte, my best comforter,
With thy pale smile of sad benignity?
Year after year will pass away and seem
To me, in mine eternal agony,
But as the shadows of dumb summer clouds,
Which I have watched so often darkening o'er
The vast Sarmatian plain, league-wide at first,
But, with still swiftness, lessening on and on
Till cloud and shadow meet and mingle where
The gray horizon fades into the sky,
Far, far to northward. Yes, for ages yet
Must I lie here upon my altar huge,
A sacrifice for man. Sorrow will be,
As it hath been, his portion; endless doom,
While the immortal with the mortal linked
Dreams of its wings and pines for what it dreams,
With upward yearn unceasing. Better so:
For wisdom is meek sorrow's patient child,
And empire over self, and all the deep
Strong charities that make men seem like gods;
And love, that makes them be gods, from her breasts
Sucks in the milk that makes mankind one blood.
Good never comes unmixed, or so it seems,
Having two faces, as some images
Are carved, of foolish gods; one face is ill;
But one heart lies beneath, and that is good,
As are all hearts, when we explore their depths.
Therefore, great heart, bear up! thou art but type
Of what all lofty spirits endure, that fain

Would win men back to strength and peace through love:
Each hath his lonely peak, and on each heart
Envy, or scorn, or hatred, tears lifelong
With vulture beak; yet the high soul is left;
And faith, which is but hope grown wise; and love
And patience, which at last shall overcome.

James Russell Lowell.

THE CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS.

YE wilds, that look eternal; and thou cave,
Which seem'st unfathomable; and ye mountains,
So varied and so terrible in beauty;
Here, in your rugged majesty of rocks
And topling trees that twine their roots with stone
In perpendicular places, where the foot
Of man would tremble, could he reach them — yes,
Ye look eternal! Yet, in a few days,
Perhaps even hours, ye will be changed, rent, hurled
Before the mass of waters; and yon cave,
Which seems to lead into a lower world,
Shall have its depths searched by the sweeping wave,
And dolphins gambol in the lion's den!

Lord Byron.

CAUCASUS.

FIT throne for such a power! Magnificent!
How glorious art thou, Earth! And if thou be
The shadow of some spirit lovelier still,

Though evil stain its work, and it should be
Like its creation, weak yet beautiful,
I could fall down and worship that and thee.
Even now my heart adoreth: Wonderful!
Look, sister, ere the vapor dim thy brain:
Beneath is a wide plain of billowy mist,
As a lake, paving in the morning sky,
With azure waves which burst in silver light,
Some Indian vale. Behold it, rolling on
Under the curdling winds, and islanding
The peak whereon we stand, midway, around,
Encinctured by the dark and blooming forests,
Dim twilight-lawns, and stream-illumined caves,
And wind-enchanted shapes of wandering mist;
And far on high the keen sky-cleaving mountains
From icy spires of sunlike radiance fling
The dawn, as lifted Ocean's dazzling spray,
From some Atlantic islet scattered up,
Spangles the wind with lamp-like water-drops,
The vale is girdled with their walls, a howl
Of cataracts from their thaw-cloven ravines
Satiates the listening wind, continuous, vast,
Awful as silence. Hark! the rushing snow!
The sun-awakened avalanche! whose mass,
Thrice sifted by the storm, had gathered there
Flake after flake, in heaven-defying minds
As thought by thought is piled, till some great truth
Is loosened, and the nations echo round,
Shaken to their roots, as do the mountains now.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

CAUCASUS.

At midnight
The moon arose: and lo! the ethereal cliffs
Of Caucasus, whose icy summits shone
Among the stars like sunlight, and around
Whose caverned base the whirlpools and the waves
Bursting and eddying irresistibly
Rage and resound forever.

* * *

The noonday sun
Now shone upon the forest, one vast mass
Of mingling shade, whose brown magnificence
A narrow vale embosoms. There, huge caves,
Scooped in the dark base of those aery rocks,
Mocking its moans, respond and roar forever.
The meeting boughs and implicated leaves
Wove twilight o'er the poet's path, as led
By love, or dream, or God, or mightier Death,
He sought in Nature's dearest haunt some bank,
Her cradle and his sepulchre. More dark
And dark the shades accumulate, — the oak,
Expanding its immeasurable arms,
Embraces the light beech. The pyramids
Of the tall cedar overarching, frame
Most solemn domes within, and far below,
Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky,
The ash and the acacia floating hang
Tremulous and pale. Like restless serpents, clothed
In rainbow and in fire, the parasites,

Starred with ten thousand blossoms, flow around
The gray trunks, and as gamesome infants' eyes,
With gentle meanings and most innocent wiles,
Fold their beams round the hearts of those that love,
These twine their tendrils with the wedded boughs,
Uniting their close union; the woven leaves
Make network of the dark-blue light of day,
And the night's noontide clearness, mutable
As shapes in the weird clouds. Soft mossy lawns
Beneath these canopies extend their swells,
Fragrant with perfumed herbs, and eyed with blooms
Minute yet beautiful. One darkest glen
Sends from its woods of musk-rose, twined with jasmine,
A soul-dissolving odor, to invite
To some more lovely mystery. Through the dell,
Silence and Twilight here, twin-sisters, keep
Their noonday watch, and sail among the shades
Like vaporous shapes half seen; beyond, a well,
Dark, gleaming, and of most translucent wave,
Images all the woven boughs above,
And each depending leaf, and every speck
Of azure sky, darting between their chasms:
Nor aught else in the liquid mirror laves
Its portraiture, but some inconstant star
Between one foliaged lattice twinkling fair,
Or painted bird, sleeping beneath the moon,
Or gorgeous insect floating motionless,
Unconscious of the day, ere yet his wings
Have spread their glories to the gaze of noon.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

THE TRUMPETS OF DOOLKARNEIN.

In Eastern history are two Iskanders, or Alexanders, who are sometimes confounded, and both of whom are called Doolkarnein, or the Two-Horned, in allusion to their subjugation of East and West, horns being an Oriental symbol of power.

One of these heroes is Alexander of Macedon, the other a conqueror of more ancient times, who built the marvellous series of ramparts on Mount Caucasus, known in fable as the wall of Gog and Magog, that is to say, of the people of the North. It reached from the Euxine Sea to the Caspian, where its flanks originated the subsequent appellation of the Caspian Gates. See (among other passages in the same work) the article entitled "Jagioug et Magioug," in D'Herbelot's *Bibliothèque Orientale.*

The story of the Trumpets, on which the present poem is founded, is quoted by Major Price, in his *History of the Arabs before the Time of Mahomet*, from the old Italian collection of tales entitled *The Pecorone*, the work of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino.

WITH awful walls, far glooming, that possessed
The passes 'twixt the snow-fed Caspian fountains,
Doolkarnein, the dread lord of East and West,
Shut up the northern nations in their mountains;
And upon platforms where the oak-trees grew,
Trumpets he set, huge beyond dreams of wonder,
Craftily purposed, when his arms withdrew,
To make him thought still housed there, like the thunder;
And it so fell; for when the winds blew right,
They woke their trumpets to their calls of might.

Unseen, but heard, their calls the trumpets blew,
Ringing the granite rocks, their only bearers,
Till the long fear into religion grew,
And nevermore those heights had human darers.

Dreadful Doolkarnein was an earthly god;
His walls but shadowed forth his mightier frowning;
Armies of giants at his bidding trod
From realm to realm, king after king discrowning.
When thunder spoke, or when the earthquake stirred,
Then, muttering in accord, his host was heard.

But when the winters marred the mountain shelves,
And softer changes came with vernal mornings,
Something had touched the trumpets' lofty selves,
And less and less rang forth their sovereign warnings:
Fewer and feebler; as when silence spreads
In plague-struck tents, where haughty chiefs, left dying,
Fail by degrees upon their angry beds,
Till, one by one, ceases the last stern sighing.
One by one, thus, their breath the trumpets drew,
Till now no more the imperious music blew.

Is he then dead? Can great Doolkarnein die?
Or can his endless hosts elsewhere be needed?
Were the great breaths that blew his minstrelsy
Phantoms, that faded as himself receded?
Or is he angered? Surely he still comes;
This silence ushers the dread visitation;
Sudden will burst the torrent of his drums,
And then will follow bloody desolation.
So did fear dream; though now, with not a sound
To scare good hope, summer had twice crept round.

Then gathered in a band, with lifted eyes,
The neighbors, and those silent heights ascended.

Giant, nor aught blasting their bold emprise,
They met, though twice they halted, breath suspended:
Once, at a coming like a god's in rage
With thunderous leaps; but 't was the piled snow, falling:
And once, when in the woods, an oak, for age,
Fell dead, the silence with its groan appalling.
At last they came, where still, in dread array,
As though they still might speak, the trumpets lay.

Unhurt they lay, like caverns above ground,
The rifted rocks, for hands, about them clinging,
Their tubes as straight, their mighty mouths as round
And firm, as when the rocks were first set ringing.
Fresh from their unimaginable mould
They might have seemed, save that the storms had stained them
With a rich rust, that now, with gloomy gold
In the bright sunshine, beauteously engrained them.
Breathless the gazers looked, nigh faint for awe,
Then leaped, then laughed. What was it now they saw?

Myriads of birds. Myriads of birds, that filled
The trumpets all with nests and nestling voices!
The great, huge, stormy music had been stilled
By the soft needs that nursed those small, sweet noises!
O thou Doolkarnein, where is now thy wall?
Where now thy voice divine and all thy forces?

Great was thy cunning, but its wit was small
Compared with Nature's least and gentlest courses.
Fears and false creeds may fright the realms awhile;
But Heaven and Earth abide their time, and smile.

Leigh Hunt.

Colchis (Transcaucasia).

THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

IN eldest times, when kings and hardy chiefs
In bleating sheepfolds met, for purest wool
Phœnicia's hilly tracts were most renowned,
And fertile Syria's and Judæa's land,
Hermon, and Seir, and Hebron's brooky sides:
Twice with the murex, crimson hue, they tinged
The shining fleeces: hence their gorgeous wealth;
And hence arose the walls of ancient Tyre.

Next busy Colchis, blessed with frequent rains,
And lively verdure (who the lucid stream
Of Phasis boasted, and a portly race
Of fair inhabitants) improved the fleece;
When, o'er the deep by flying Phryxus brought,
The famed Thessalian ram enriched her plains.

This rising Greece with indignation viewed
And youthful Jason an attempt conceived
Lofty and bold: along Peneus' banks,
Around Olympus' brows, the Muses' haunts,
He roused the brave to redemand the fleece.

Attend, ye British swains, the ancient song.
From every region of Ægea's shore
The brave assembled; those illustrious twins,
Castor and Pollux; Orpheus, tuneful bard!
Zetes and Calais, as the wind in speed;
Strong Hercules; and many a chief renowned.
On deep Iolcos' sandy shore they thronged,
Gleaming in armor, ardent of exploits;
And soon, the laurel cord and the huge stone
Uplifting to the deck, unmoored the bark;
Whose keel, of wondrous length, the skilful hand
Of Argus fashioned for the proud attempt;
And in th' extended keel a lofty mast
Upraised, and sails full-swelling; to the chiefs
Unwonted objects; now first, now they learned
Their bolder steerage over ocean wave,
Led by the golden stars, as Chiron's art
Had marked the sphere celestial. Wide abroad
Expands the purple deep: the cloudy isles,
Scyros and Scopelos and Icos rise,
And Halonesos: soon huge Lemnos heaves
Her azure head above the level brine,
Shakes off her mists, and brightens all her cliffs:
While they, her flattering creeks and opening bowers
Cautious approaching, in Myrina's port
Cast out the cabled stone upon the strand.
Next to the Mysian shore they shape their course,
But with too eager haste: in the white foam
His oar Alcides breaks; howe'er, not long
The chase detains; he springs upon the shore,
And, rifting from the roots a tapering pine,

Renews his stroke. Between the threatening towers
Of Hellespont they ply the rugged surge,
To Hero's and Leander's ardent love
Fatal: then smooth Propontis' widening wave,
That like a glassy lake expands, with hills;
Hills above hills, and gloomy woods, begirt.
And now the Thracian Bosphorus they dare,
Till the Symplegades, tremendous rocks,
Threaten approach; but they, unterrified,
Through the sharp-pointed cliffs and thundering floods
Cleave their bold passage: nathless by the crags
And torrents sorely shattered: as the strong
Eagle or vulture, in the entangling net
Involved, breaks through, yet leaves his plumes behind.
Thus, through the wide waves, their slow way they force
To Thynia's hospitable isle. The brave
Pass many perils, and to fame by such
Experience rise. Refreshed, again they speed
From cape to cape, and view unnumbered streams,
Halys, with hoary Lycus, and the moutlis
Of Asparus and Glaucus, rolling swift
To the broad deep their tributary waves;
Till in the long-sought harbor they arrive
Of golden Phasis. Foremost on the strand
Jason advanced: the deep capacious bay,
The crumbling terrace of the marble port,
Wondering he viewed, and stately palace-domes,
Pavilions proud of luxury: around,
In every glittering hall, within, without,
O'er all the timbrel-sounding squares and streets,
Nothing appeared but luxury, and crowds

Sunk deep in riot. To the public weal
Attentive none he found: for he, their chief
Of shepherds, proud Æétes, by the name
Sometimes of king distinguished, 'gan to slight
The shepherd's trade, and turn to song and dance:
Even Hydrus ceased to watch; Medea's songs
Of joy and rosy youth and beauty's charms,
With magic sweetness lulled his cares asleep,
Till the bold heroes grasped the golden fleece.
Nimbly they winged the bark, surrounded soon
By Neptune's friendly waves: secure they speed
O'er the known seas, by every guiding cape,
With prosperous return. The myrtle shores,
And glassy mirror of Iolcos' lake,
With loud acclaim received them. Every vale
And every hillock touched the tuneful stops
Of pipes unnumbered, for the ram regained.

John Dyer.

THE ARGO NEARING COLCHIS.

SO, with the wind behind them, and the oars
Still hard at work, they went betwixt the shores
Against the ebb, and now full oft espied
Trim homesteads here and there on either side,
And fair kine grazing, and much woolly sheep,
And skin-clad shepherds, roused from midday sleep,
Gazing upon them with scared wondering eyes.
So now they deemed they might be near their prize;
And at the least knew that some town was nigh,
And thought to hear new tidings presently,

Which happed indeed, for on the turn of tide,
At ending of a long reach, they espied
A city wondrous fair, which seemed indeed
To bar the river's course; but, taking heed,
And drawing nigher, soon found out the case,
That on an island builded was the place,
The more part of it; but four bridges fair,
Set thick with goodly houses everywhere,
Crossed two and two on each side to the land,
Whereon was built, with walls on either hand,
A towered outwork, lest that war should fall
Upon the land, and midmost of each wall
A noble gate; moreover, did they note
About the wharves full many a ship and boat.
And they beheld the sunlight glistering
On arms of men and many a warlike thing,
As nigher to the city they were borne,
And heard at last some huge, deep booming hoarse
Sound from a tower o'er the watery way,
Whose last loud note was taken up straightway
By many another farther and more near.

William Morris.

THE PALACE OF ÆETES.

AMIDST these thoughts, between the fair streets led,
He noted well the size and goodly head
Of all the houses, and the folk well clad,
And armed as though good store of wealth they had,
Peering upon them with a wondering gaze.
At last a temple, built in ancient days

Ere Æa was a town, they came unto;
Huge was it, but not fair unto the view
Of one beholding from without, but round
The ancient place they saw a spot of ground
Where laurels grew each side the temple door,
And two great images set up before
The brazen doors, whereof the one was she,
Who draws this way and that the fitful sea;
The other the great God, the life of man,
Who makes the brown earth green, the green earth wan,
From spring to autumn, through quick following days,
The lovely archer with his crown of rays.
Now over against this temple, towering high
Above all houses, rose majestically
Æetes' marble house: silent it stood,
Brushed round by doves, though many a stream of blood
Had trickled o'er its stones since it was built,
But now, unconscious of all woe and guilt,
It drank the sunlight that fair afternoon.

Then spake Æetes: "Stranger, thou shalt soon
Hear all thou wouldst hear in my house of gold;
Yet ere thou enterest the door, behold
That ancient temple of the Far Darter,
And know that thy desire hangeth there,
Against the gold wall of the inmost shrine,
Guarded by seven locks, whose keys are thine
When thou hast done what else thou hast to do,
And thou mayst well be bold to come thereto."
"King," said the prince, "fear not, but do thy part,
Nor look to see me turn back faint of heart,

Though I may die as my forefathers died,
Who, living long, their loved souls failed to hide
From death at last, however wise they were.
But verily, O King, thy house is fair,
And here I think to see full many a thing
Men love; so, whatso the next day may bring,
Right merrily shall pass these coming hours
Amidst fair things and wine-cups crowned with flowers."
"Enter, O guests," the king said, "and doubt not
Ye shall see things to make the heart grow hot
With joy and longing."
As he spoke, within
Blew up the horns, as when a king doth win
His throne at last, and from behind, the men
Who hedged the heroes in, shouted as when
He stands up on his throne, hidden no more.
Then those within threw open wide the door,
And straight the king took Jason by the hand,
And entered, and the Minyæ did stand
In such a hall as there has never been
Before or afterwards, since Ops was queen.
The pillars, made the mighty roof to hold,
The one was silver and the next was gold,
All down the hall; the roof, of some strange wood
Brought over sea, was dyed as red as blood,
Set thick with silver flowers, and delight
Of intertwining figures wrought aright.
With richest webs the marble walls were hung,
Picturing sweet stories by the poets sung
From ancient days, so that no wall seemed there,
But rather forests black and meadows fair,

And streets of well-built towns, with tumbling seas
About their marble wharves and palaces;
And fearful crags and mountains; and all trod
By many a changing foot of nymph and god,
Spear-shaking warrior and slim-ankled maid.

The floor, moreover, of the place was laid
With colored stones, wrought like a flowery mead;
And ready to the hand for every need:
Midmost the hall, two fair streams trickled down
O'er wondrous gem-like pebbles, green and brown,
Betwixt smooth banks of marble, and therein
Bright-colored fish shone through the water thin.

Now midst these wonders were there tables spread,
Whither the wondering seafarers were led,
And there with meat and drink full delicate
Were feasted, and strange dainty things they ate,
Of unused savor, and drank godlike wine;
While from the golden galleries, divine,
Heart-softening music breathed about the place;
And 'twixt the pillars, at a gentle pace,
Passed lovely damsels, raising voices sweet
And shrill unto the music, while their feet
From thin dusk raiment now and then would gleam
Upon the polished edges of the stream.

William Morris.

THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

BUT Jason, going swiftly with good heart,
Came to the wished-for shrine built all apart
Midmost the temple, that on pillars stood

Of jasper green, and marble red as blood,
All white itself, and carven cunningly
With Neptune bringing from the wavy sea
The golden shining ram to Athamas;
And the first door thereof of silver was,
Wrought over with a golden glittering sun
That seemed wellnigh alike the heavenly one.
Such art therein the cunningest of men
Had used, which little Jason heeded then,
But thrusting in the lock the smallest key
Of those he bore, it opened easily;
And then five others, neither wrought of gold,
Or carved with tales, or lovely to behold,
He opened; but before the last one stayed
His hand, wherein the heavy key he weighed,
And pondering, in low muttered words he said: —
"The prize is reached, which yet I somewhat dread
To draw unto me; since I know indeed,
That henceforth war and toil shall be my meed.
Too late to fear, it was too late, the hour
I left the gray cliffs and the beechen bower,
So here I take hard life and deathless praise,
Who once desired naught but quiet days,
And painless life, not empty of delight;
I, who shall now be quickener of the fight,
Named by a great name, — a far-babbled name,
The ceaseless seeker after praise and fame.
"May all be well, and on the noisy ways
Still may I find some wealth of happy days."
Therewith he threw the last door open wide,
Whose hammered iron did the marvel hide,

And shut his dazzled eyes, and stretched his hands
Out toward the sea-born wonder of all lands,
And buried them deep in the locks of gold,
Grasping the fleece within his mighty hold.

Which when Medea saw, her gown of gray
She caught up from the ground, and drew away
Her wearied foot from off the rugged beast,
And while from her soft strain she never ceased,
In the dull folds she hid her silk from sight,
And then, as bending 'neath the burden bright,
Jason drew nigh, joyful, yet still afraid,
She met him, and her wide gray mantle laid
Over the fleece, whispering: "Make no delay;
He sleeps, who never slept by night or day
Till now; nor will his charméd sleep be long.
Light-foot am I, and sure thine arms are strong;
Haste, then! No word! nor turn about to gaze
At me, as he who in the shadowy ways
Turned round to see once more the twice-lost face."

Then swiftly did they leave the dreadful place,
Turning no look behind, and reached the street,
That with familiar look and kind did greet
Those wanderers, mazed with marvels and with fear.
And so, unchallenged, did they draw anear
The long white quays, and at the street's end now
Beheld the ships' masts standing row by row
Stark black against the stars: then cautiously
Peered Jason forth, ere they took heart to try
The open starlit place; but naught he saw

Except the night-wind twitching the loose straw
From half-unloaded keels, and naught he heard
But the strange twittering of a caged green bird
Within an Indian ship, and from the hill
A distant baying: yea, all was so still;
Somewhat they doubted, natheless forth they passed,
And Argo's painted sides they reached at last.

On whom down-looking, scarce more noise they heard
Than from the other ships, some muttered word,
Some creaking of the timbers, as the tide
Ran gurgling seaward past her shielded side.
Then Jason knelt, and whispered: "Wise be ye,
O fair companions on the pathless sea,
But come, Erginus, Nestor, and ye twain
Of Lacedæmon, to behold my gain;
Take me amongst you, neither be afraid
To take withal this gold, and this fair maid.
Yare! — for the ebb runs strongly towards the sea,
The east-wind drives the rack to Thessaly,
And lightly do such kings as this one sleep
If now and then small watch their servants keep."

Then saw Medea men like shadows gray
Rise from the darksome decks, who took straightway
With murmured joy, from Jason's outstretched hands,
The conquered fleece, the wonder of all lands,
While with strong arms he took the royal maid,
And in their hold the precious burthen laid,
And scarce her dainty feet could touch the deck,
Ere down he leapt, and little now did reck
That loudly clanged his armor therewithal.

William Morris.

Siberia.

THE RUSSIAN EXILE.

BUT what is this? our infant Winter sinks,
Divested of his grandeur, should our eye
Astonished shoot into the frigid zone;
Where, for relentless months, continual Night
Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign
There, through the prison of unbounded wilds,
Barred by the hand of Nature from escape,
Wide roams the Russian exile. Naught around
Strikes his sad eye, but deserts lost in snow;
And heavy-loaded groves; and solid floods,
That stretch athwart the solitary waste,
Their icy horrors to the frozen main,
And cheerless towns far distant, never blessed,
Save when its annual course the caravan
Bends to the golden coast of rich Cathay,
With news of humankind. Yet there life glows;
Yet cherished there beneath the shining waste,
The furry nations harbor: tipped with jet,
Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press;
Sables of glossy black; and dark-embrowned,
Or beauteous freaked with many a mingled hue,
Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts.
There, warm together pressed, the trooping deer
Sleep on the new-fallen snows; and scarce his head

Raised o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
Lies slumbering sullen in the white abyss.
The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils,
Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives
The fearful flying race; with ponderous clubs,
As weak against the mountain-heaps they push
Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,
He lays them quivering on the ensanguined snows,
And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.
There through the piny forest half absorbed,
Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,
With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn;
Slow-paced, and sourer as the storms increase,
He makes his bed beneath the inclement drift,
And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
Hardens his heart against assailing want.

James Thomson.

SIBERIA.

THENCE winding eastward to the Tartar's coast,
She sweeps the howling margin of the main,
Where undissolving, from the first of time,
Snows swell on snows, amazing to the sky;
And icy mountains high on mountains piled,
Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,
Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
Projected huge, and horrid o'er the surge,
Alps frown on Alps; or rushing hideous down,
As if old Chaos was again returned,

Wide-rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.
Ocean itself no longer can resist
The binding fury: but, in all its rage
Of tempest taken by the boundless frost,
Is many a fathom to the bottom chained,
And bid to roar no more: a bleak expanse,
Shagged o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void
Of every life, that from the dreary months,
Flies conscious southward. Miserable they!
Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
Take their last look of the descending sun;
While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
The long long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
Falls horrible. Such was the Briton's fate,
As with first prow, (what have not Britons dared!)
He for the passage sought, attempted since
So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
By jealous Nature with eternal bars.
In these fell regions, in Arzina caught,
And to the stony deep his idle ship
Immediate sealed, he with his hapless crew
Each full exerted at his several task,
Froze into statues; to the cordage glued
The sailor, and the pilot to the helm.

Hard by these shores, where scarce his freezing stream
Rolls the wild Oby, live the last of men;
And half enlivened by the distant sun,
That rears and ripens man, as well as plants,
Here human nature wears its rudest form.
Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,
Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,

They waste the tedious gloom. Immersed in furs,
Doze the gross race. Nor sprightly jest nor song
Nor tenderness they know; nor aught of life,
Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without,
Till morn at length, her roses drooping all,
Shed a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,
And calls the quivered savage to the chase.

What cannot active government perform,
New-moulding man? Wide-stretching from these shores,
A people savage from remotest time,
A huge neglected empire, one vast mind,
By Heaven inspired, from Gothic darkness called.
Immortal Peter! first of monarchs! he
His stubborn country tamed, her rocks, her fens,
Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons:
And while the fierce barbarian he subdued,
To more exalted soul he raised the man.
Ye shades of ancient heroes, ye who toiled
Through long successive ages to build up
A laboring plan of state, behold at once
The wonder done! behold the matchless prince!
Who left his native throne, where reigned till then
A mighty shadow of unreal power;
Who greatly spurned the slothful pomp of courts;
And roaming every land, in every port
His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand
Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,
Gathered the seeds of trade, of useful arts,
Of civil wisdom, and material skill.
Charged with the stores of Europe home he goes!
Then cities rise amid the illumined waste;

O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign;
Far distant flood to flood is social joined;
The astonished Euxine hears the Baltic roar;
Proud navies ride on seas that never foamed
With daring keel before; and armies stretch
Each way their dazzling files, repressing here
The frantic Alexander of the north,
And awing there stern Othman's shrinking sons.
Sloth flies the land, and ignorance and vice,
Of old dishonor proud: it glows around,
Taught by the royal hand that roused the whole,
One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade:
For what his wisdom planned, and power enforced,
More potent still, his great example showed.

Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
Blow hollow blustering from the south. Subdued,
The frost resolves into a trickling thaw.
Spotted the mountains shine; loose sleet descends,
And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once;
And, where they rush, the wide resounding plain
Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,
That washed the ungenial pole, will rest no more
Beneath the shackles of the mighty north;
But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave.
And hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs
Athwart the rifted deep: at once it bursts,
And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.
Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charged,

That, tossed amid the floating fragments, moors
Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
More horrible. Can human force endure
The assembled mischiefs that besiege them round?
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,
The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
Now ceasing, now renewed with louder rage,
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
More to embroil the deep, leviathan
And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport,
Tempest the loosened brine, while through the gloom,
Far from the bleak inhospitable shore,
Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
Of famished monsters, there awaiting wrecks.
Yet Providence, that ever-waking eye,
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe,
Through all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

James Thomson.

SIBERIA.

IN Siberia's wastes
The ice-wind's breath
Woundeth like the toothéd steel;
Lost Siberia doth reveal
Only blight and death.

Blight and death alone.
No summer shines,

Night is interblent with day.
In Siberia's wastes alway
The blood blackens, the heart pines.

In Siberia's wastes
No tears are shed,
For they freeze within the brain.
Naught is felt but dullest pain,
Pain acute, yet dead;

Pain as in a dream,
When years go by
Funeral-paced, yet fugitive,
When man lives, and doth not live,
Doth not live — nor die.

In Siberia's wastes
Are sands and rocks.
Nothing blooms of green or soft,
But the snow-peaks rise aloft
And the gaunt ice-blocks.

And the exile there
Is one with those;
They are part, and he is part,
For the sands are in his heart,
And the killing snows.

Therefore, in those wastes
None curse the Czar.
Each man's tongue is cloven by
The North Blast, who heweth nigh
With sharp scymitar.

And such doom each drees
Till, hunger-gnawn
And cold-slain, he at length sinks there;
Yet scarce more a corpse than ere
His last breath was drawn.

James Clarence Mangan.

APPENDIX.

THE WHITE CZAR.

THE White Czar is Peter the Great. Batyushka, *Father dear*, and Gosudar, *Sovereign*, are titles the Russian people are fond of giving to the Czar in their popular songs.

DOST thou see on the rampart's height
That wreath of mist, in the light
Of the midnight moon? O, hist!
It is not a wreath of mist;
It is the Czar, the White Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!

He has heard, among the dead,
The artillery roll o'erhead;
The drums and the tramp of feet
Of his soldiery in the street;
He is awake! the White Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!

He has heard in the grave the cries
Of his people: "Awake! arise!"
He has rent the gold brocade

Whereof his shroud was made;
He is risen! the White Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!

From the Volga and the Don,
He has led his armies on,
Over river and morass
Over desert and mountain pass;
The Czar, the Orthodox Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!

He looks from the mountain-chain
Toward the seas, that cleave in twain
The continents; his hand
Points southward o'er the land
Of Roumili! O Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!

And the words break from his lips:
"I am the builder of ships,
And my ships shall sail these seas
To the Pillars of Hercules!
I say it; the White Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!

"The Bosphorus shall be free;
It shall make room for me;
And the gates of its water-streets
Be unbarred before my fleets.
I say it; the White Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!

"And the Christian shall no more
Be crushed, as heretofore,
Beneath thine iron rule,
O Sultan of Istamboul!
I swear it! I the Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!"

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

SONG OF THE GOOD TZAR.

RUSSIA had a noble Tzar,
Sovereign honored wide and far;
He a father's love enjoyed,
He a father's power employed.

And he sought his children's bliss,
And their happiness was his:
Left for them his golden halls;
Left for them his palace walls.

He, a wanderer for them,
Left his royal diadem:
Staff and knapsack all his treasure;
Toil and danger all his pleasure.

Wherefore hath he journeyed forth
From his glorious, sceptred north?
Flying pride and pomp and power;
Suffering heat and cold and shower.

Why? because this noble king
Light and truth and bliss might bring;

Spread intelligence, and pour
Knowledge out on Russia's shore.

Wherefore would this noble king
Light and truth and virtue bring,
Spread intelligence, and pour
Knowledge out on Russia's shore?

He would guide by wisdom's ray
All his subjects in their way;
And while beams of glory giving,
Teach them all the arts of living.

O thou noble King and Tzar!
Earth ne'er saw so bright a star,—
Tell me, have ye ever found
Such a prince the world around?

From the Russian. *Tr. Anon.*

SIR SAVA AND THE LESCHES.

"The Lesches are a kind of Satyrs; covered, like them, with hair, and of a peculiarly malicious nature. They steal children and women; and their approach operating to benumb the senses is always fatal. In the present instance, however, we may conjecture that 'the brandy, the wine, and the mead' had some preparatory influence." — *Translator's Note.*

WITH the Lord at Nemirov
Sir Sava dined so gladly;
Nor thought he that his life
Would end so soon and sadly.

Sir Sava he rode home
To his own court with speed;
And plenty of good oats
He bids to give his steed.

Sir Sava behind his table
To write with care begun,
His young wife she is rocking
In the cradle her infant son.

"Holloa! my lad, brisk butler,
Bring now the brandy to me;
My well-beloved lady,
This glass I drink to thee.

"Holloa! my lad, brisk butler,
Now bring me the clear wine;
This glass and this, I drink it
To this dear son of mine.

"Holloa! my lad, brisk butler,
Now bring me the mead so fast;
My head aches sore; I fear
I 've rode and drunk my last!"

Who knocks? who storms so fiercely?
Sir Sava looks up to know;
The Lesches stand before him,
And quick accost him so:

"We bow to thee, Sir Sava,
How far'st thou, tell us now?

To thy guests from the Ukraina,
What welcome biddest thou?"

"What could I bid you brethren,
To-day in welcome's stead?
Well know I ye are come
To take my poor sick head."

"And tell us first, Sir Sava,
Where are thy daughters fair?" —
"They are stolen by the Lesches,
And wash their linen there."

"Now to the fight be ready!
Sir Sava, meet thy lot!
Thy head is lost! one moment,
Death meets thee on the spot."

The sabre whizzes through the air,
Like wild bees in the wood;
The young wife of Sir Sava
By him a widow stood.

From the Russian. Tr. Anon.

SONGS OF THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE.

I.

ACROSS the Don a plank lay, thin and bending;
No foot along it passed.
But I alone, the young one, from the hill,
I went along it with my true-love dear,

And to my love I said:
"O darling, dear!
Beat not thy wife without a cause,
But only for good cause beat thou thy wife,
And for a great offence.
Far away is my father dear,
And farther still my mother dear;
They cannot hear my voice,
They cannot see my burning tears."

II.

"Why, O Dove, art thou so joyless?"
How can I, poor Dove, be joyous?
Late last night my mate was with me.
My mate was with me, on one wing she slept,
Slept on one wing, embraced me with the other,
With the other embraced me, calling me her dear one.
"Dear beloved one! Dovelet blue!
Sleep, yet do not sleep, my dovelet,
Only do not, sleeping, lose me, darling."
The Dove awoke, his mate was gone!
Hither, thither, he flung himself, dashed himself,
Hither, thither, in homes of nobles,
Homes of nobles, princes, merchants.
In a merchant's garden did I find my Dove,
In a merchant's garden, underneath an apple-tree;
Underneath an apple-tree, wounded sore with shot!
The merchant's son had wounded my Dove,
Wounded her with a weapon of gold.

III.

Misty is the sunlight, misty;
None the sun can see.
Mournful is the maiden, mournful:
None her grief can tell.
Not her father dear, nor her mother dear,
Nor her sister dear, dovelet white.
Mournful is the maiden, mournful.
"Canst not thou find a solace for thy woe?
Canst not thou thy dear friend forget?
Neither by day nor yet by night,
Neither at dawn nor by the evening glow?"
Thus did the maiden in her grief reply,—
"Then only my dear love will I forget,
When my swift feet shall under me give way,
And to my side my hands fall helplessly;
What time my eyes are filled with dust,
And coffin boards my bosom white conceal."

IV.

O winds, warm winds,
Warm autumn winds,
Breathe not, ye are not wanted here.
But hither fly, ye stormy winds,
From the northern side;
Asunder rend moist mother earth,
And furrowing the open field,
The open, sweeping plain,
Reveal to me the coffin planks,

And let me for the last of times
To my beloved one say farewell.

V.

If God would grant my love his health,
Were it but for one idle day,
Though it were only for one little hour, —
Then would I wander with my love,
Would tread the mossy turf,
Would pluck the flowerets blue,
Would weave a garland for my love,
And place it on my darling's head.
Then homewards leading him in glad content,
Would say, "My hope, my love!
We two will keep together, love,
Nor part, my darling, till at death
We say farewell forever to the light:
Leaving behind us some such fame as this, —
That we two loved each other tenderly,
And loyally, my love, together died."

VI.

From under the stone, the white stone,
Fire blazes not, nor pitch seethes,
But a youth's heart is seething.
Not for his father dear, nor for his mother dear,
Nor for a young wife well-beloved,
Seethes the heart of the youth;
But for a maiden well beloved,

For her who used to be his love.
"There had reached me broken tidings
That the maiden fair was ill.
Quickly follows them a letter, —
The maiden fair is dead.
I will sadly to the stable:
Lead my good — my best horse forth,
Hasten to the church of God,
Tie my horse beside the belfry,
Stamp upon the mould.
Split open, damp Mother Earth!
Fly asunder, ye coffin planks!
Unroll, O brocade of gold!
Awake, awake, O maiden fair,
O maiden fair, my olden love!"

VII.

Whither shall I, the fair maiden, flee from Sorrow?
If I fly from Sorrow into the dark forest,
After me runs Sorrow with an axe.
"I will fell, I will fell the green oaks;
I will seek, I will find the fair maiden."
If I fly from Sorrow into the open field,
After me runs Sorrow with a scythe.
"I will mow, I will mow the open field;
I will seek, I will find the fair maiden."
Whither then shall I flee from Sorrow?
If I rush from Sorrow into the blue sea, —
After me comes Sorrow as a huge fish.
"I will drink, I will swallow the blue sea:

I will seek, I will find the fair maiden."
If I seek refuge from Sorrow in marriage, —
Sorrow follows me as my dowry.
If I take to my bed to escape from Sorrow, —
Sorrow sits beside my pillow.
And when I shall have fled from Sorrow into the damp earth, —
Sorrow will come after me with a spade.
Then will Sorrow stand over me, and cry triumphantly,
"I have driven, I have driven, the maiden into the damp earth."

VIII.

Oak wood, dear oak wood,
Green oak wood of mine!
Why moaning so early?
Low bending thy boughs?
From thee, from the oak wood,
Have all the birds flown?
One bird still lingers,
The cuckoo so sad,
Day and night singing kookoo,
She never is still.
Of the wandering falcon
The cuckoo complains.
He has torn her warm nest,
He has scattered her young,
Her cuckoolings dear.

In her lofty chamber
A maiden fair sits;

By the window she weeps
As a rivulet flows,
As a spring wells she sobs.
Of the wandering youth
The maiden complains, —
From her father and mother
He lured her away
To a strange far-off home,
Strange, far-off, unknown,
He has lured her, — and now
Fain would fling her aside.

IX.

Ah! on the hill a pine-tree stands!
Ah! dear lord! a pine-tree stands!
Under the pine a soldier lies!
Ah! dear lord! a soldier lies!
Over the soldier a black steed stands,
With its right hoof tearing up the ground,
Water it seeks for its soldier lord.
"Water, my steed, thou wilt not find.
From the ground the soldier will never rise.
Gallop, my steed, by bank and brae,
By bank and brae, gallop on to my home.
There will come to greet thee a gray-haired dame,
That gray-haired dame is my mother dear.
There will come to greet thee a lady fair, —
That lady fair is my youthful wife, —
To greet thee will little lordlings come, —
Those little lordlings my children are.

They will join in caressing thee, my steed, —
They will join in questioning thee, my steed.
Say not, my steed, that I bleeding lie, —
But tell them I serve in my troop, dark steed,
In my troop I serve, my step I gain."
His death gains the soldier beneath the pine,
His death! dear lord! beneath the pine.

X.

Bury me, brothers, between three roads,
The Kief, and the Moscow, and the Murom famed in story.
At my feet fasten my horse,
At my head set a life-bestowing cross,
In my right hand place my keen sabre.
Whoever passes by will stop;
Before my life-bestowing cross will he utter a prayer,
At the sight of my black steed will he be startled,
At the sight of my keen sword will he be terrified.
"Surely this is a brigand who is buried here!
A son of the brigand, the bold Stenka Razín!"

XI.

The dark mountain has grown black,
From behind it has come forth a black cloud,
A black cloud, — a flock of sheep;
After them has come forth a proud youth,
A proud youth to the foreground:
He has girded himself with a straw girdle,
From that girdle hang two or three pipes;

The one pipe is of horn,
The second pipe is of copper,
The third pipe is of aurochs horn.
O, when he began to sound the pipe of horn,
A voice went through the forest;
O, when he began to sound the pipe of copper,
A voice went among the mountain tops;
O, when he began to play on the aurochs pipe,
There went up voices to the heavens.

XII.

Shower, shower!
Get thyself ready to be seen.
Shower, let thyself go well.
Pour, O rain,
Over the grandmother's rye,
Over the grandfather's wheat,
Over the girl's flax,
Pour in bucketsful.
Rain, rain, let thyself go,
Stronger, quicker,
Warm us young ones.

XIII.

In the house of my own father,
In the house of my own mother,
I used to comb you, O ruddy tresses,
Amidst the oaks afield.
I used to wash you, O ruddy tresses,
In fountain water cool.

I used to dry you, O ruddy tresses,
On the steep red steps in front of the house,
In the rosy light of the rising sun.
But now in that unknown, far-off land,
In the house of my husband's father,
In the house of my husband's mother,
I shall have to comb you, O ruddy tresses,
Within a curtained recess.
I shall have to wash you, O ruddy tresses,
In the wave of my bitter tears.
I shall have to dry you, O ruddy tresses,
In the longing of my grief.

XIV.

Go down, O ruddy sun!
But rise, thou gleaming moon!
And shine through all the night,
Through all the dark night shine,
On all the road, on every path!
So mayst thou yield thy light to my betrothed,
To my dear love Iván;
That so he may not miss his way,
Nor have to turn again,
Nor wander in the forest lost,
Nor in the river drenched;
So that no evil men on him may fall,
No savage dogs may drive him far away.
Away from him my life is weary,
Away from him my life is sad.

From the Russian. Tr. W. R. S. Ralston.

OVID IN EXILE,

AT TOMIS, IN BESSARABIA, NEAR THE MOUTHS OF THE DANUBE.

TRISTIA, Book III., Elegy X.

SHOULD any one there in Rome remember Ovid the exile,
And, without me, my name still in the city survive;

Tell him that under stars which never set in the ocean
I am existing still, here in a barbarous land.

Fierce Sarmatians encompass me round, and the Bessi and Getæ;
Names how unworthy to be sung by a genius like mine!

Yet when the air is warm, intervening Ister defends us:
He, as he flows, repels inroads of war with his waves.

But when the dismal winter reveals its hideous aspect,
When all the earth becomes white with a marble-like frost;

And when Boreas is loosed, and the snow hurled under Arcturus,
Then these nations, in sooth, shudder and shiver with cold.

Deep lies the snow, and neither the sun nor the rain can dissolve it;
Boreas hardens it still, makes it forever remain.

Hence, ere the first has melted away, another succeeds it,
And two years it is wont, in many places, to lie.

And so great is the power of the North-wind awakened, it levels
Lofty towers with the ground, roofs uplifted bears off.

Wrapped in skins, and with trousers sewed, they contend with the weather,
And their faces alone of the whole body are seen.

Often their tresses, when shaken, with pendent icicles tinkle,
And their whitened beards shine with the gathering frost.

Wines consolidate stand, preserving the form of the vessels;
No more draughts of wine, — pieces presented they drink.

Why should I tell you how all the rivers are frozen and solid,
And from out of the lake frangible water is dug?

Ister, — no narrower stream than the river that bears the papyrus, —
Which through its many mouths mingles its waves with the deep;

Ister, with hardening winds, congeals its cerulean waters,
Under a roof of ice, winding its way to the sea.

There where ships have sailed, men go on foot; and the billows,
Solid made by the frost, hoof-beats of horses indent.

Over unwonted bridges, with water gliding beneath them,
The Sarmatian steers drag their barbarian carts.

Scarcely shall I be believed; yet when naught is gained by a falsehood,
Absolute credence then should to a witness be given.

I have beheld the vast Black Sea of ice all compacted,
And a slippery crust pressing its motionless tides.

'T is not enough to have seen, I have trodden this indurate ocean;
Dry shod passed my foot over its uppermost wave.

If thou hadst had of old such a sea as this is, Leander!
Then thy death had not been charged as a crime to the Strait.

Nor can the curvéd dolphins uplift themselves from the water;
All their struggles to rise merciless winter prevents;

And though Boreas sound with roar of wings in commotion,
In the blockaded gulf never a wave will there be;

And the ships will stand hemmed in by the frost, as in marble,
Nor will the oar have power through the stiff waters to cleave.

Fast-bound in the ice have I seen the fishes adhering,
Yet notwithstanding this some of them still were alive.

Hence, if the savage strength of omnipotent Boreas freezes
Whether the salt-sea wave, whether the refluent stream, —

Straightway, — the Ister made level by arid blasts of the North-wind, —
Comes the barbaric foe borne on his swift-footed steed;

Foe, that powerful made by his steed and his far-flying arrows,
All the neighboring land void of inhabitants makes.

Some take flight, and none being left to defend their possessions,
Unprotected, their goods pillage and plunder become;

Cattle and creaking carts, the little wealth of the country,
And what riches beside indigent peasants possess.

Some as captives are driven along, their hands bound behind them,
Looking backward in vain toward their Lares and lands.

Others, transfixed with barbéd arrows, in agony perish,
For the swift arrow-heads all have in poison been dipped.

What they cannot carry or lead away they demolish,
And the hostile flames burn up the innocent cots.

Even when there is peace, the fear of war is impending;
None, with the ploughshare pressed, furrows the soil any more.

Either this region sees, or fears a foe that it sees not,
And the sluggish land slumbers in utter neglect.

No sweet grape lies hidden here in the shade of its vine-leaves,
No fermenting must fills and o'erflows the deep vats.

Apples the region denies; nor would Acontius have found here
Aught upon which to write words for his mistress to read.

Naked and barren plains without leaves or trees we behold here, —
Places, alas! unto which no happy man would repair.

Since then this mighty orb lies open so wide upon all sides,
Has this region been found only my prison to be?

TRISTIA, Book III., Elegy XII.

Now the zephyrs diminish the cold, and the year being ended,
Winter Mæotian seems longer than ever before;

And the Ram that bore unsafely the burden of Helle,
Now makes the hours of the day equal with those of the night.

Now the boys and the laughing girls the violet gather,
Which the fields bring forth, nobody sowing the seed.

Now the meadows are blooming with flowers of various colors,
And with untaught throats carol the garrulous birds.

Now the swallow, to shun the crime of her merciless mother,
Under the rafters builds cradles and dear little homes;

And the blade that lay hid, covered up in the furrows of Ceres,
Now from the tepid ground raises its delicate head.

Where there is ever a vine, the bud shoots forth from the tendrils,
But from the Getic shore distant afar is the vine!

Where there is ever a tree, on the tree the branches are swelling,
But from the Getic land distant afar is the tree!

Now it is holiday there in Rome, and to games in due order
Give place the windy wars of the vociferous bar.

Now they are riding the horses; with light arms now they are playing,
Now with the ball, and now round rolls the swift-flying hoop:

Now, when the young athlete with flowing oil is anointed,
He in the Virgin's Fount bathes, overwearied, his limbs.

Thrives the stage; and applause, with voices at variance, thunders,
And the Theatres three for the three Forums resound.

Four times happy is he, and times without number is happy,
Who the city of Rome, uninterdicted, enjoys.

But all I see is the snow in the vernal sunshine dissolving,
And the waters no more delved from the indurate lake.

Nor is the sea now frozen, nor as before o'er the Ister
Comes the Sarmatian boor driving his stridulous cart.

Hitherward, nevertheless, some keels already are steering,
And on this Pontic shore alien vessels will be.

Eagerly shall I run to the sailor, and, having saluted,
Who he may be, I shall ask; wherefore and whence he hath come.

Strange indeed will it be, if he come not from regions adjacent,
And incautious unless ploughing the neighboring sea.

Rarely a mariner over the deep from Italy passes,
Rarely he comes to these shores, wholly of harbors devoid.

Whether he knoweth Greek, or whether in Latin he speaketh,
Surely on this account he the more welcome will be.

Also perchance from the mouth of the Strait and the waters Propontic,
Unto the steady South-wind, some one is spreading his sails.

Whosoever he is, the news he can faithfully tell me,
Which may become a part and an approach to the truth.

He, I pray, may be able to tell me the triumphs of Cæsar,
Which he has heard of, and vows paid to the Latian Jove;

And that thy sorrowful head, Germania, thou, the rebellious,
Under the feet, at last, of the Great Captain hast laid.

Whoso shall tell me these things, that not to have seen will afflict me,
Forthwith unto my house welcomed as guest shall he be.

Woe is me! Is the house of Ovid in Scythian lands now?
And doth punishment now give me its place for a home?

Grant, ye gods, that Cæsar make this not my house and my homestead,
But decree it to be only the inn of my pain.

Ovid. Tr. H. W. Longfellow.

THE DIVISION OF POLAND.

UPON Earth's lap there lay a pleasant land,
With mountain, wood, and river beautified,
And city-dotted. For the pleasant land
The icy North and burning South did battle
Whose it should be; and so it lay between them
Unclaimed, unowned, like the shining spoils
Under crossed lances of contending chiefs;
Or liker April days whose morn is sunshine
And evening storm. Its never-failing fields
Strong men and sturdy robed in vest of green,
And when the year was older took their payment
In grain of gold. Its ever-smiling homes
True wives and comely daughters tenanted,
Round the most holy altar of the hearth
Moving like holy ministers. To them
Sorrow and pain, envy and hate, came never;
Only the mild-eyed, kind consoler, Death,
Called them from happy life to happier,
Where eyes are shining that can have no tears,

And brows are beaming that can never frown,
And lips are breathing love that cannot lie.
  There went a whisper of their happiness
Over the blue pines of the eastern woods,
Up to the icy crags where Russia's eagle
Sat lean and famine-withered. So he turned
With the hot hunger flashing in his eye,
And listened: presently upon the rock
He whet his beak, and plumed his ragged feathers,
And rose with terrible and savage clang
Into the frightened air, — nor rose alone,
But at the sound the golden beak of Prussia
And the two-headed bird of Austria
Came swooping up, and o'er the happy land
Held bloody carnival; for each one tore
A bleeding fragment for his proper beak,
As of a kid caught straying and alone.
So there went up a cry from earth to heaven,
And pale-eyed nations asked, "Is there a God?"
  But other blood than Polish blood hath dyed
Green Vistula to red, and there hath come
In these last days a dreader Nemesis, —
One who hath spoiled the spoiler, and for blood
Asked blood, — for shattered throne hath shattered
    thrones,
So that the nations have forgot their fears,
And cry exulting, "Yea, there is a God!"

Edwin Arnold.

EMANCIPATION OF THE SERFS.

AGAIN, sweet bells of the Russias,
Your voice on the March air fling!
Ring, bells, on the Volga and Dwina,
Ring, bells, on the Caspian, ring!
O Tzar of the North, Alexander,
Thy justice to those that were least
Now girds thee with strength of the victor,
And makes thee the lord of the East!

It was midnight on the Finland,
And, o'er the wastes of snow,
From the crystal sky of winter
The lamps of God hung low.
A sea of ice was the Neva,
In the white light of the stars,
And it locked its arms in silence
Round the city of the Tzars.

The palace was mantled in shadow,
And, dark in the starlit space,
The monolith rose before it
From its battle-trophied base.
And the cross that crowned the column
Seemed reaching to the stars,
O'er the white streets, wrapped in silence,
Round the palace of the Tzars.

The chapel's mullioned windows
Are flushed with a sullen light;

Who comes to the sacred altar
In the silence of the night?
What prince with a deep heart-burden
Approaches the altar's stair,
To take the wine and the wafer,
And bow for the help of prayer?

'T is the Tzar, whose word in the morning
Shall make the Russias free
From the Neva to the Ural,
From the Steppe to the winter sea;
Who speaks, and a thousand steeples
Ring freedom to every man, —
From the serf on the white Ladoga
To the fisher of Astrakhan.

O, faith in Eternal Power!
O, faith in Eternal Love!
O, faith that looked up to heaven
The promise of ages to prove!
The cross and the crown gleam above him;
He raises his brow from prayer,
The cross of humanity's martyr
Or crown of the hero to wear.

Slept the serf on the Neva and Volga,
Slept the fisher of Astrakhan,
Nor dreamed that the bells of the morning
Would ring in his rights as a man.
He saw not night's crystal gates open
To hosts singing carols on high,

He knew not a Bethlehem glory
Would break with the morn in the sky!

The morn set its jewels of rubies
In the snows of the turret and spire,
And shone the far sea of the Finland
A sea of glass mingled with fire.
The Old Guard encircled the palace
With questioning look on each cheek,
And waited the word that the ukase
To the zone-girded empire should speak.

The voice of the Russias has spoken;
Each serf in the Russias is free!
Ring, bells, on the Neva and Volga,
Ring, bells, on the Caspian Sea!
O Tzar of the North, Alexander,
Thy justice to those that were least
Shall gird thee with strength of the victor,
Shall make thee the lord of the East.

Again, sweet bells of the Russias,
Your voice on the March air fling!
Ring, bells, on the Volga and Dwina,
Ring, bells, on the Caspian, ring!
Thy triumphs of peace, Alexander,
Outshine all thy triumphs of war,
And thou at God's altar wert grander
Than throned as the conquering Tzar!

Hezekiah Butterworth.

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